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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GOOD-BYE TO THE YANKEES

APPRECIATIVE notices of the conduct of our soldiers on the Rhine appeared in Germany at the time of their departure. A Coblenz correspondent of *Berliner Tageblatt* describes our troops as 'extremely exigent in their billeting and requisitioning, and inconsiderate in carrying out their own ideas'; but the Germans disliked to see them leave, because 'a German forgives rough treatment much easier than underhanded meanness.' Moreover, the people instinctively took to 'the natural warmheartedness and good humor of these big, bronzed boys.' Besides, 'the generous charitable work of the Americans in Coblenz awakened a feeling of sincere and spontaneous gratitude. Here also the common people felt that the American Christmas gifts, and the numerous instances where private help was given to widows, sick people, and others in distress, were honest expressions of human kindness and not bribes to traitors.' Special mention is made of the fairness and good temper with which General Dickman, General Liggett, and, more recently, General Allen, have administered the district: and also of the work of Pierpont Noyes, America's representative on the Rhineland Commission, 'whose level head, practical business experience, and desire to be just to all made him a powerful influence for good.'

According to the London *Times*, the people of Coblenz were sincerely grieved to see the Americans go.

> At half-past two all the streets lying between the American barracks and the station were closed to traffic by strong bodies of French troops in full marching order with fixed bayonets. The pavements were packed with Rhinelanders, many of whom had tears in their eyes, while others were muttering sullenly as the French troops marched by for the parade at the station. There could be no question as to the feelings of the population of Coblenz over the change of garrison. . . .
>
> Pathetic scenes were witnessed during the last half-hour. Women, old and young, were weeping unrestrainedly, and many of the troops themselves, despite their soldierly bearing, found it difficult to control their emotion. An old German woman standing near me in the crowd said brokenly, as she bade farewell to a tall American, who told her to 'Cheer up, Mutter,' 'It's three years that he has been billeted with us, and now it is like 1914, when I saw my boy leaving for the front.'
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> The affectionate farewell exchanged between a German station-official and the American military policemen with whom he had worked for several years attracted particular attention. The train finally steamed out of the station amid the cheers of the

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crowd, which the soldiers enthusiastically returned. The Americans have made themselves liked and respected throughout the area and it seemed impossible this afternoon that this could be the departure of a hostile occupation. German charities in Coblenz will miss the generosity of their 'enemies,' who have provided every Christmas since their arrival hospitality for the poor and a Christmas party for its children.

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NATIVE PROGRAMMES IN INDIA

In his Presidential address to the Fifth Convention of the National Liberal Federation last December, the Right Honorable Srinuvasa Sastri discussed in detail the problems facing the native leaders of India during what is hoped will be a gradual transition to self-government. Henceforth, 'the British element in the public services . . . will diminish continuously, and while it lasts its function is to train our people in self-rule.' However, this idea has not penetrated the minds of the British Civil Service in India as rapidly as the natives desire. At the present rate, it will be twenty or twenty-five years before the Indian element will actually reach thirty-three per cent of the administrative force.

Neither are natives admitted to commissioned rank in the army, though the Dominion status promised India is not possible unless she is entrusted largely with her own defense. The speaker quoted Mr. Montagu's warning in the House of Commons debate upon the Government of India Bill two years ago: 'Do not deny to India self-government because she cannot take her proper share in her own defense, and then deny to her people the opportunity of learning to defend themselves.' Even if natives were made technically eligible to receive army commissions to-day, and 'Indianization were to begin on the most generous and thorough-going scale, and to be prosecuted without intermission in the most honest spirit, it would take twenty-five to thirty years to complete the process.'

The speaker recommended prudence in dealing with the question of inter-dominion migration. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada do not welcome Indian immigrants. This is a question to be settled by education, persuasion, and negotiation, and not by mutual recrimination.

Evidently the responsibility of executive officers to legislative bodies, which is the vital element in self-government, does not yet exist. A minister may be defeated over an important bill, but he does not resign, nor is he expected to do so. Notwithstanding this — or perhaps because legislative bodies have not the sobering sense of full responsibility — party spirit runs high; and 'it is with profound grief that one records the impression that in the Punjab and Madras the majority has shown that it cannot be trusted to treat the minority with fairness and equity.'

The notable moderation of this address is in striking contrast with many pronouncements by prominent native leaders. Mr. C. R. Das, President of the Gaya Congress, repudiates on principle the whole system of government set up in India under the new act, because he is 'firmly convinced that a parliamentary government is not a government by the people and for the people.' He agrees with Communists and radical Socialists, for instance, in the opinion that it will only establish a middle-class rule, though he does not say expressly that he considers India ripe for a proletarian dictatorship. At least, he deplores the use of force, which is the instrument by which dictatorships are usually established.

What he preaches seems to be a sort of village nihilism, 'the practical au-

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tonomy of small local centres.' Yet, the Gandhists would not have these village centres disconnected units. 'These must be held together by a system of coöperation.' In other words, they would return to the ancient village organization of India and discard the existing machinery of government, in the same way that they would return to the spinning wheel in order to escape from modern industrialism. India's reformers thus seem to be treading a path parallel with that of the French reformers of the eighteenth century, who looked back with longing to what they conceived as the idyllic happiness of primitive man.

Mr. Das advocates the establishment of agencies in America and every European country to rally 'selfless followers of liberty' to India's cause. But

even more important than this is participation of India in the great Asiatic Federation which I see in the course of formation. I have hardly any doubt that the Pan-Islamic movement, which was started on a somewhat narrow basis, has given way — or is about to give way — to a great federation of all Asiatic peoples. It is the union of the oppressed nationalities.

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NATIONALITY AND CHURCH QUESTIONS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

A REPORT from Prague, that President Masaryk recently told a Slovak deputation that their province was about to be granted self-government, is interpreted to mean that the people will be allowed to elect local Councils and that Slovak is to be the official language. There are about two million Slovaks within the limits of the Czechoslovak Republic. They are former subjects of Hungary, but are closely related to the Czechs; and a majority of them are said to be loyal to the new Government. However, they have fought vigorously for autonomy ever since the Republic was organized.

A more important nationality issue is presented by the Germans, who number over three million, or nearly half as many as the Czechs themselves. In addition, they are vividly conscious of the fact that more than sixty million people of their own race live in contiguous territories. Dr. Medinger, a German member of the Czechoslovak Senate, recently protested in a public address that the German people of all classes in Czechoslovakia, and with them Magyars, a majority of the Slovaks, and the Ukrainians, 'feel deeply degraded and politically dissatisfied.' The inner equilibrium of the State can never be attained by an unrestricted application of majority rule. He appealed to the example of Switzerland as affording a practical solution of the nationality question that might well be imitated.

The numerical disproportion of the nationalities inhabiting that country is still greater than in Czechoslovakia. The Czechs number only 46 per cent, together with the Slovaks 60 per cent, of the entire population of the State, so that their majority is by far smaller than the German majority in Switzerland (70 per cent). The Germans in Czechoslovakia (27 per cent) claim no other rights but those which are granted to the French in Switzerland (22 per cent). Thereby the aimed-at equilibrium would be established. Also in Finland the Swedish language has equal rights with the Finnish language, although the Swedes form only one seventh of the entire population.

The Vatican correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge* discusses, in a recent letter to that journal, the history of the relation of the Holy See to the National Church in Czechoslovakia, whose clergy and members have seceded from Rome. While continuing the tradition of John Huss, the seceding congregations have developed two tendencies — one to-

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ward Anglicanism and the other toward Slavic Orthodoxy. The latter tendency in turn exhibits two currents, one toward Russia, the other toward Serbia.

Public opinion in Czechoslovakia demands, with practical unanimity, complete separation of Church and State because 'it is convinced that the Holy See pursues not only a religious but also a temporal policy; and it is jealous of tolerating any other sovereignty than that of its own Government within its own territory. . . . It is true that the Roman Catholic Church regards with an unfriendly eye the Czechoslovak Church. But it is assumed that the Government will not intervene in the controversy, since it has consistently remained apart from the entire movement. . . . Furthermore, the Czechoslovak Government has been very liberal toward the Roman Church, leaving it complete liberty of action within the spiritual domain.'

Only those children who especially request it are now given religious instruction in the public schools.

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RIOTING IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER

DURING the session at which the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 371 to 143, deprived Marcel Cachin, the leader of the Communist delegation in that body, of his parliamentary immunity, violent incidents occurred that eventually degenerated into a free fight without precedent in the annals of the Chamber. Resenting insulting epithets cast upon them from the Right, Communists attempted to take possession of the tribune, and precipitated a squabble on the floor of the Chamber, where fists were freely used by all parties. One obstreperous Communist knocked down, in the twinkling of an eye, two ushers who tried to stop his charge, 'and in a moment the floor of the Chamber was a whirling mass of struggling and fighting men. A clerical member lost his soutane, while collars and ties and torn coats covered the floor.'

The unhappy spectators were cleared from the public galleries right at the most interesting and sensational phase of the affair. The charge against Cachin is that he attended the Fourth Congress of the Third International in Russia, where a programme was adopted inviting Communists in Western Europe 'to betray their country in order to overturn established institutions.' In conformity with this programme, the French Communists issued a manifesto on December 26, declaring the occupation of the Ruhr a crime against the Franco-German proletariat. Subsequently, M. Cachin attended a Communist conference at Essen, and addressed meetings in various towns in the Ruhr area, where he exhorted the working classes to resist military action by the French Government.

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AN UNBIASED PRESS!

Le Cri de Paris prints the following anecdote of the Paris Conference, apropos of the recent death of the distinguished Italian statesman concerned: —

Baron Sonnino, though he seemed so cold and reserved, sometimes yielded to odd impulses. One day in 1919, after a session of the Supreme Council, where he had been present with Clemenceau, Wilson, and Lloyd George, an employee handed the Tiger a paper that he had picked up on the Conference Table. It was a list of French journals that had been particularly favorable to Italy, with the amount of the little benefactions that had been bestowed upon each of them in return for its good offices. Clemenceau fell into a violent rage, and threatened to have the venal journalists in-

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dicted. But some of his most enthusiastic supporters were among them, and he gave up the idea. He contented himself with making a copy of the list, and returning the original immediately to Sonnino with his card.

A few days later, at another session of the Conference, Sonnino defended vigorously Italy's claims to Dalmatia. Carried away by the heat of argument, he added: 'Moreover, public opinion in France recognizes the justice of our claim. Need I quote your newspapers?'

The Tiger checked him with a gesture and said: 'Don't mention our newspapers. After that little list of yours, it is unkind.'

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ARCHÆOLOGY IN RUSSIA

THE *Cambridge Review*, a journal of university life and thought, prints a letter from a young Russian archæologist to Dr. Ellis H. Minns, University reader in palæography and a specialist in the archæology of Southern Russia, which describes some of the writer's scientific adventures under the Soviet Government.

This letter opens with an all too familiar account of the hardships suffered by the intellectual classes. 'In order to get the means for existence, an engineer makes boots, a teacher bakes pies and takes them to sell in the market, and so on.' The effort to live monopolizes most of the energy that under normal conditions would go to satisfy intellectual needs. He tells us that last winter the people 'stole fuel, caught pigeons and crows in the streets, then started stealing incautious dogs and cats, and finally they got to cannibalism, mostly on a modest scale and within the family circle.'

But to come to the special subject of the letter, the Soviet authorities appointed the writer the curator of the Museum at Kherson. He managed to get the Suruchan Collection of Greek Inscriptions and architectural fragments away from Kishinev in army trucks from under the very noses of the Rumanians, when they were invading Bessarabia. During the civil war he had the good fortune likewise to save and carry off to the museum 'Skadovski's valuable collection of local antiquities and the diary of his excavations.'

The following paragraphs further illustrate the survival of scientific interest amid the privations and perils of revolution and civil war: —

I know something too of the fate of Olbia (the chief ancient site of this district). In 1920, a certain Ziser (Süsser) got the job of excavating it, having assured the Government that he would dig for scientific purposes. Supplied with necessary authority and financial support, Comrade Ziser started work, and this was announced by wireless to all Europe. Having dug up the soil by the shore near the town-wall exposed by B. V. Farmakovski, he found nothing worthy of his attention but old potsherds. On the advice of local experts . . . he moved over to the Necropolis. Here things went better: in one of the old heaps there turned up a pair of gold earrings and some vases. But the local *Gubispolkom*, or Executive Committee for the Government, after inspecting the finds submitted to it, found them insufficient to justify the expenditure.

To settle the question I was summoned. I came to Olbia with the members of the Gubispolkom and the excavator himself, and went through his diary, plans, and photographs. I soon saw what kind of dig he was running and what he was after in Olbia. Having shown this all up to the company, I subjected Comrade Ziser to a cross examination, and he owned up to having never done any digging before, saying that he had heard of the fairy-tale riches of Olbia, and wanted to try his luck. And I must do justice to the Soviet authorities: that very day by wiring to Kharkov they had Comrade Ziser removed from the excavations. They asked me who could be entrusted with the excavation of Olbia. I advised them not to hurry, but merely to protect the site from independent sportsmen.

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MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to the *Ekonomicheskaia Zhizn*, the various departments of the Soviet Government having in charge the application of the new economic policy are not working together harmoniously. For instance, ninety locomotives in perfect condition are standing idle because the Coal Bureau will not give the railroads enough coal to operate them, and this refusal is based upon the theory that the railroads must pay for the coal they receive, and if they do not do so available coal is to go to other consumers.

Another article in the same paper, which it should be remembered is the official economic journal of the Soviet Government, ridicules the interminable reports that are called for by the authorities. 'We have undoubtedly won a brilliant victory in the battlefield of writing.' Local Soviets write voluminous reports; the mails bring them to Moscow. They accumulate at the central offices and meanwhile the central offices discuss at a joint and separate session plans and methods for using these reports. While reports continue to flow in, the central officials revise and expand their instructions for writing reports, better reports are written, new programmes for utilizing them are debated, and so on in a never-ending circle, while the reports pile up unread in the archives.

SINCE the war, the South African manufacturers have agitated in favor of substantial tariff-protection for their products. The Federated Chamber of Industries has proposed a plan to levy duties of approximately twenty-five per cent upon competing imports, including those from the mother country.

This movement has met opposition, however, from the ranching and mining interests, and the Transvaal Chamber of Mines has just submitted a statement to the Government protesting against such duties as likely to add to the cost of production in the primary industries: 'The success of such a policy (that is, high customs duties) would mean disaster for all producers of goods in excess of local needs, such as diamonds, gold, ostrich feathers, wool, skins and hides, meat, and grain. Exports are paid for by imports, and if there are no imports there can be no exports.'

Furniture and leather goods are highly protected, although they use cheap colored labor. Cement-makers complain of British and German competition. Condensed milk is prepared in Natal, and a paper factory was recently started, but proved unprofitable for want of suitable raw materials.

IN spite of Japan's rapid Westernization, ladies evidently still suffer from some disabilities that have largely disappeared from more advanced (?) America and Europe. For instance, the following advertisement beams upon the readers of a Japanese morning paper: —

NELSON'S FINEST OLD SCOTCH WHISKEY

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY

London

Mr. De Valera's lively countrymen evidently enjoy a convivial reputation in Japan, for an importing firm advertises a brand of liquor with the statement: 'Most Irish peoples use it.'

SPEAKING of the Ruhr occupation, the *New Statesman* says: 'If Germans were Irishmen, it would need at least ten million French soldiers to subdue Germany. But of course they are not Irishmen, and so four or five millions ought to be enough.'

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AS BETWEEN AMBASSADORS

BY COUNT J. H. BERNSTORFF

From *Das Demokratische Deutschland, January 6*
(HAMBURG DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY)

WALTER H. PAGE was born in the southern part of the United States, and has only English and French blood in his veins. This may explain his hereditary dislike for everything German. He shared his consistent hostility to German militarism with all English-speaking statesmen on either side of the Atlantic; but we do not find, either in his notes or in his letters, a single friendly word even for the German people, for their intellectual achievements, or for the courage with which they fought and suffered for five years. Page was an idealist through and through, but he was a man who saw things only from a single standpoint. It is precisely this quality that makes his biography so important for Germans; for it is a commonplace that we can learn more from our enemies than from our friends.

During his whole life, Page cherished the idea that it was the mission of the American people to give democracy to the world. For that reason, he had no toleration for America's policy of isolation. On the contrary, he labored to bring the European nations together under America's leadership, believing that she would be strong enough and influential enough to convert them into peaceful democracies.

As a boy, Page witnessed the American Civil War, and the period of reconstruction, in his native State of North Carolina. At that time he told an officer of the Union Army, who offered to share his frugal rations with the lad: 'I'll starve before I eat with Yankees.' That statement should teach Americans to-day how the people of the Occupied Territories feel toward the French.

Later Page became a journalist, and gradually worked up to be one of the best-known publishers in the United States. He devoted himself with the utmost zeal and the loftiest idealism to the reconstruction of the South, especially to the betterment of its schools. Here his democratic sympathies show themselves in their finest light, for he labored ardently to make it possible for every citizen to enjoy the same chance to get an education, and therefore the same prospect of succeeding in any career he chose.

During his many-sided and successful activities, Page became acquainted with Woodrow Wilson, and this acquaintance developed into friendship — a friendship that was intimate until 1916, but subsequently cooled because Page opposed Wilson's policy of 'Peace without Victory.' Both men belonged to the Democratic Party, as do most Southerners. They worked shoulder to shoulder for its success in 1913, when Wilson was elected President. From then on, Wilson, House, and Page were the leading figures in American foreign policy. It was suggested at first that Page should become a member of the Cabinet, but Wilson decided to send him to London; and thus it came about that these three men played a principal part in determining the outcome of the World War. They always agreed on one point: that the isolation of the United States must end, and that

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America must assume the duty of international leadership.

Colonel House made his first trip to Europe in the spring of 1914, at Wilson's wish. He wrote to Page that the object of his visit was to prevent a world war, which was already feared:—

> The general idea is to bring about a sympathetic understanding between England, Germany, and America, not only upon the question of disarmament, but upon other matters of equal importance to themselves and to the world at large.

Even at this early date Page opposed making Germany a party to this plan.

> He had no faith in Germany, and believed that the existence of Kaiserism was incompatible with the extension of the democratic ideal. . . . He had no enthusiasm for anything in the nature of an alliance or 'pact' that included Germany as an equal partner.

However, Wilson and House did not permit themselves to be diverted from their plan, and House visited Berlin as well as London. It was a great misfortune for Germany that the three trips that House made to Berlin were not taken seriously. The measures adopted by Wilson on the advice of House really decided Germany's fate. Berlin preferred to handle such questions through regular official channels, but that was a way which Wilson never employed for matters of the highest importance, because, as Page's book clearly shows, secrecy is impossible in Washington.

We have here our first account of House's visit to Berlin at that time, which proved without result. House describes an interview with the Kaiser, who talked principally of the Yellow Peril.

> Von Tirpitz was openly and demonstratively hostile. The leader of the German Navy simply bristled with antagonism at any suggestion for peace, or disarmament, or world coöperation.

It is likewise worth noting that House tells us the Kaiser impressed him as a man with an unreliable nervous organization, who was on the verge of insanity.

Page's descriptions of England before and during the war are very interesting, but it would take us too far to quote them at length. He was, as Wilson frequently observed, 'more English than the English,' and this gradually produced misunderstandings between him and Wilson and House, since Wilson believed that 'it would be a misfortune for Europe if either of the belligerent parties won an overwhelming victory.' While Page believed that Germany was the only guilty party, Wilson believed 'that the war was merely a selfish fight for power, in which both sides were equally to be condemned.'

These differences became accentuated when Wilson took positive steps to bring about a 'Peace without Victory.' Page set every wheel in motion to dissuade the President from such a policy, but without avail. Deeply as I deplore Page's attitude, because it helped to bring the very calamity upon the world that Wilson foresaw, I must acknowledge that Page presented his opinions to the President with remarkable frankness and vigor. The result was that Wilson finally refused to listen to him.

Shortly before the President made his first peace-tender, the American Ambassador was called to Washington to get in touch with political opinion at home. Page was twice invited to luncheon at the White House, but the President avoided discussing political matters. Before the Ambassador returned to London, he managed with great difficulty to secure an audience, where the two gentlemen appear to have been quite at odds. The Ambassador was profoundly discouraged.

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No previous publication from the American side has so clearly portrayed Wilson's attitude at that time. He spoke of his intention to bring about a peace without victory, and under certain circumstances, if he were re-elected, to employ retaliatory methods against England. He said that America's sympathy for England had changed to irritation.

Page especially condemns Wilson's toleration of Germany. The Ambassador tried with all the fervor and eloquence he possessed to modify the President's views, and to induce him to dismiss me (Bernstorff) and to take openly the side of the Entente. 'But Mr. Wilson was utterly cold, utterly unresponsive, interested only in ending the war.' The result was that Page sent in his resignation after his return to London; but this was not accepted, because of the radical change that followed in the international situation.

Any person who still believes that we might have ended the war by a mutual agreement in 1917, on a basis of 'Peace without Victory,' should read Ambassador Page's biography.

Treitschke once said: 'Historical truth is never spoken so plainly as by the mouth of a man who resents it.'

We have an illustration of such a case here, supported by abundant material. The English Ministers showed every possible consideration to the United States, because they knew they could not win the war without America's aid. By the beginning of 1917 the Entente was utterly exhausted, and must have made peace as soon as it was certain that Wilson would mediate instead of bringing America into the war. This and much else of interest regarding England and America is recorded in these volumes.

The question naturally arises: What made Wilson completely change his opinions after diplomatic relations were broken off? Unfortunately we have a full explanation of this in our German documents. Wilson believed, in view of our previous negotiations, that his 'Peace without Victory' programme had our support. But when German fire-eaters started an unlimited submarine campaign in defiance of the advice of all the civilian members of the Government, just when these negotiations were under way, Wilson was converted to Page's belief that German militarism could only be destroyed by defeat.

Page's idea that the American people have the mission of converting the world to democracy is one that we can readily accept — the more so as it accords with the laws of historical evolution. Unhappily, however, history has setbacks in its spiral ascent, due to the blunders of men. The Versailles Peace was such a setback, and a setback to which the American policy advocated by Page naturally led. He did his utmost to get the United States into the war, and finally succeeded, with the valued aid of our politically incompetent German militarists.

This made a peace without victory impossible, and rendered inevitable the utter defeat of Germany, which Page so keenly desired, and the Versailles Peace that followed. A reader will pause here to ask himself what Page would think of the peace treaties if he were alive. Presumably he would join House and Lansing in condemning them, for his ideals were repudiated at Versailles. However, both Lansing and House from the first desired a peace without victory, and did not advocate America's participation in the war, while Page was a champion of such participation from the beginning. He did not see that if Germany were utterly defeated the United States, with the best will in the world, would be unable to control the mad

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intoxication of victory in Europe, because America would stand alone.

The Versailles Treaty, which was the logical outcome of Page's policy, has postponed for many years the establishment of true democracy in Europe. Nations have been mutilated, minorities are being harried and oppressed, universal poverty is gradually developing into universal pauperism. The Bolsheviki are as dangerous as ever; the Fascisti are finding numerous imitators; and German militarism, which it was the alleged object of the Allies to destroy, has been replaced by French militarism. The burden of the latter is consuming the last pennies of the impoverished nations, and saddling them with a Black occupation.

The Versailles Treaty has hopelessly complicated the question of war guilt; for victorious nations that impose such a peace compromise themselves too deeply to be judges. The worst practical effect of this orgy of imperialism, however, is the fact that it has repelled America, and driven her back to her old isolation — the very isolation that Page wished her to cast aside, in order to bring happiness to Europe. Possibly history is repeating itself. Page alone would never have been able to entice the United States into the witch's cauldron of Europe. It took the colossal stupidity of German militarism to do that. Is French militarism to repeat the proceeding and perhaps compel America to step in a second time to save the world? For Page was unquestionably right in one thing: Europe cannot recover without America's aid. He erred only in the method he would use to bring this about.

A peace without victory would have preserved a certain equilibrium in Europe and would thereby have made true democracy possible in our Continent. The German nation in arms, returning home from the war, would surely never have tolerated the continuance of our patriarchal military régime. To-day, however, the German Republic must pick its perilous way between Bolshevism and Fascism, harried and oppressed by the foreign Powers that promised the German people justice if they became sincere converts to democracy. A German Democratic Republic is in existence, but the victors have forgotten their solemn promise.

So this is not the path by which America will lead Europe to true democracy. The policies of to-day only make democracy hateful. The German Republic must be trusted and supported and treated as an equal among nations, as was promised us in the beginning. Then peace will return — a peace that the Versailles Treaty has not been able to bring us in four years. A 'Peace without Victory' would have done more to heal our wounds within four weeks.

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SOMEDAY EVENING WE GO TO CHURCH

BY IVOR HERBERT McCLURE

From the *Beacon, January*
(London Christian Liberal Monthly)

Four men leaned upon the parapet of the embankment. Beyond the swirling waters of the inflowing tide the wharves on the farther bank lay dim and silent in the growing dusk. It was Sunday.

The tall, thin man murmured a line of poetry.

'What was that verse?' asked the little man, who was next to him. 'Something like this, I think: —

All nature, said the Greek, is in constant flow:
With ceaseless step all things must forward go
Within the current of that restless tide:
Immersed in the flood we leave nor mark nor guide;
To bathe in the same stream twice is to man denied.

I have n't got it quite right, but that is the sense of it.'

'I seem to smell Bergson in that,' said the large man.

'Yes, but Bergson —'

Crash!

With a sound like unloading scrap-iron, a peal of bells from an equally hideous church churned the still evening air into a thousand discords.

'No!' said the blue-eyed man. 'That ought n't to be allowed.'

'If it did n't come from a church,' said the large man, 'you could get an injunction against such a public nuisance.'

'It's a form of blackmail,' said the tall, thin man. 'The price of breathing God's fresh air, instead of the local vicar's hot air.'

'I'll bet inside it's just as ugly,' said the blue-eyed man, gazing at the offending building.

'Besides being dark, draughty, and insanitary.'

'Not so insanitary nowadays,' said the large man.

'Why not?'

'Fewer people go to church.'

'Oh, I say, let's get out of this,' urged the blue-eyed man. 'I can't stand this row.'

The four men turned their backs on the river.

'Here we are running away from discomfort instead of trying to remedy the cause,' laughed the little man.

'Quite right,' said the tall, thin man. 'We are now fleeing from that which offends our sense of beauty, of perfection. But a time will come, a time *will* come when an enlightened world will no longer tolerate such abominations. The pain they cause will have spurred us on to find the remedy.'

'Happy the man whom experience teaches; he is grateful for his troubles,' said the large man.

'You'd better write that down before you forget it,' said the blue-eyed man.

'It *is* written down — in the book of Job.'

That silenced the blue-eyed man.

Skirting the dingy mysteries of Pimlico, they began to walk in the direction of Vauxhall.

'You just hate all this ugliness, don't you,' said the tall, thin man, linking arms with the blue-eyed man. 'But I can't see it's any good attacking it.'

'We shall never get anything better if we don't.'

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'Don't you think if we were to attack the cause of it we should get rid of it and a lot of other evils as well?'

'What do you think is the cause?'

'Whether we can or cannot tolerate such things depends, it seems to me, upon our state of mind. The greatest glories of Egypt, of Greece, of the Renaissance, were the reflections of a mental attitude. We compare our times with those and feel that in many ways we are inferior. Many of us wish to recapture the outlook that was expressed in the beautiful forms of worship during the Middle Ages in Europe. Our memories may go back to that, if you understand what I mean, but *we* cannot, unless we fit the world with a reversing gear and make it go backward.'

The little man burst into an improvised chant:—

'With ceaseless step all things must forward go
Within the current of that restless tide.'

'In the ages,' went on the tall, thin man, 'which now we most admire, the mind of man was well adapted to his circumstances. What we need now is that our minds should be adapted to present circumstances, which I maintain they are not.'

'But circumstances apart, don't you think that what we need most at present is a great religious ideal such as they certainly seem to have possessed in the Middle Ages?' asked the blue-eyed man.

'Not circumstances apart! Not circumstances apart!' objected the tall, thin man. 'You have read Fraser's *Golden Bough*, have n't you?'

'Oh,' said the large man. 'I'm glad you agree with me about the *Golden Bough*. I think that that's a most interesting thing. Fraser wrote countless volumes to prove that all that man, throughout the ages, had worshiped as God, was only the sum total of his ignorance. No doubt he meant his book to be the coffin of religion. In point of fact it is just the opposite. It proves that in the course of evolution man had always found some form of religious worship to be necessary to his development. Otherwise the demand for it would never have survived.'

'It shows us also,' said the little man, 'that as man grows up, so does his conception of God. We had Gods who could and Gods who could n't do things; Gods who were sorry, anxious, angry, or tired. They had love, hate, pity, or were vengeful. We made them share all the biological necessities of man. We made Gods like Men!'

'Don't for heaven's sake say, with Wells, that you want to make Men like Gods, then,' said the large man.

'I wish,' said the little man, 'we could buy a Wellsian fourth dimensional stunt that would enable us to go to church in the future, even if it was only a hundred years hence.'

'You don't want a fourth dimensional gadget to do that,' said the tall, thin man.

'Oh?' said the large man.

'Shut up!' warned the little man. 'He's paradox-mongering again. Don't buy it.'

'No paradox at all,' denied the tall, thin man. 'Come down here and I will show you.'

The four men wheeled into a long street bordered on one side by a row of small houses and on the other by a brick wall about eight feet high. On the farther side of the wall there appeared to be no buildings for the space of some fifty yards, but beyond that the glass roofs of some old warehouses showed faintly through the fog.

'There!' exclaimed the tall, thin man, waving an arm.

'Where?' insisted the little man.

'Do you think that that open space will still be unoccupied and those de-

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crepit old warehouses still standing in fifty or a hundred years' time?'

'I expect not.'

'Well, I think that that is a nice big space well suited to our new church. Would you like to see over it?'

'Very much,' said the little man.

'Very well.' Once more the tall, thin man waved his arm. With a sound like the bursting of a ripe tomato there appeared in the long brick wall a door. This the tall, thin man opened, standing aside to let the others enter. They, however, remained motionless, gaping.

'I wish you would remember that you are three men in a story. If characters in fiction and history were to behave like ordinary human beings we should all have to fall back on the movies. Pull yourselves together, because we dine at seven and it has gone six.'

With a visible effort the three men crossed the road, and, after hesitating a moment, entered the doorway, the tall, thin man following.

'Come on,' he said.

He led the way down a passage, climbed a few stairs, and entered, by a side door, a large well-lit hall.

'What a topping place!' exclaimed the little man.

The blue-eyed man stood speechless with happiness.

'This is amazing!' said the large man. 'I have never seen architecture like this before. It seems to be no particular period, nor is it a mixture of periods, like some of our new buildings.'

'It *is* a period,' said a voice next to them. 'It is the period of the present day.'

A man in a black cassock was speaking to them.

'Allow me to introduce you,' said the tall, thin man. 'These are three friends of mine from 1923. This is the vicar.'

They bowed.

'The architecture that you are admiring is the product of an attempt, not to copy past styles solely for purposes of ornament, but to build a hall where the acoustic properties, the lighting, and the ventilation are as nearly perfect as our knowledge can make them. It is admirably adapted, we find, to the uses for which it is intended; that is why it is beautiful.'

'I suppose it is now a hundred years ago since Ruskin preached that doctrine?' said the blue-eyed man.

'More than that,' replied the vicar, smiling. 'But I beg you to give me the pleasure of showing you round.'

'That is very kind of you. It would interest us enormously.'

The four men followed the vicar across the hall, their footsteps falling silently on the smooth resilient floor. In the centre they paused and looked eastward, making a reverent salute to a great crucifix that hung from the roof.

'Might I inquire,' ventured the large man, 'to what denomination you belong?'

'We serve God,' said the vicar.

'I did not doubt that,' replied the other. 'But as Catholics or Roman Catholics, Dissenters or what?'

'It is strange,' said the vicar, 'how your words recall the Dark Age. If you like I will try to explain our present standpoint. Let us sit down.'

Instinctively the four men looked around them for a pew, but found only rows of armchairs.

'I see that those awful hard wooden seats to which we were accustomed have gone,' said the large man.

The vicar laughed.

'Yes,' he said. 'We saw no reason why, in the House of God, as good accommodation should not be offered to visitors as, for instance, was to be found in the better class music-halls of your time.'

In a beautifully modulated voice,

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clearly the result of very careful training, the vicar began to explain.

'The many divisions in the Church,' he said, 'as well as between religions, were sharply defined by the different dogmas. The Christian Churches were founded upon, and bounded by, dogma and tradition, like prison walls built in the past and standing unchanging in an ever-developing world. Meanwhile, outside them, man's knowledge of the universe and of its laws grew, slowly at first and then with amazing rapidity. You in 1923 stood on the threshold of the greatest discoveries.'

'At one time in history the Church was the centre of learning and culture. In your days that centre had passed into the ranks of the laity, leaving the Church in a sickly condition with a none too compelling and a severely overstrained faith, to which the rotting rags of superstition still clung in places.

'Christianity is a high ideal. It was originally preached in a manner wonderfully adapted to the minds of the simple fisher folk to whom it was addressed. It was never, like some religions, a negation of life; it pointed the way to a life far fuller than any that the world had then — has yet — experienced. But there was a time when it became clear that the Christian Church would require more than the simple, if poetic, faith of a Jewish boatman if the great increase of knowledge that had grown up outside its walls was to be turned to the highest purpose — the enrichment of man's life.

'Not through ignorance, but through knowledge, which alone makes wisdom possible, could man attain to a life, the ideal of which swept all before it over two thousand years ago, and which has survived, despite his well-meant efforts, until the present day.'

'Was the dogma of the Church, then, swept away?' asked the blue-eyed man.

There was a moment's pause, during which the four men eagerly watched the calm, thoughtful face of the vicar. In the soft amber-colored light, his reposeful attitude, his black cassock, sharply outlined against the light-fawn cover of the chair, made a subject worthy of a Holbein.

'The Catholic Church is founded,' went on the vicar, 'upon The Word. Now, either The Word was revealed to a few people away back in the past and handed down more or less correctly by tradition, no fresh revelation having taken place, or The Word is, partly at any rate, discoverable through all time, and it is the highest duty of man to search for it and to live according to its dictates to the best of his ability. If religion is based on tradition, you need a dogma to keep it intact and unchanging. If religion is to be based on the acquisition of wisdom, then you must ever be reviewing your beliefs in the light of fresh experience.'

'You mean, then, by The Word,' said the little man, 'the signs that we feel we perceive of some Great Intelligence behind the marvelously ordered workings of the universe?'

'The works of the Lord,' quoted the vicar, smiling, 'are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. I meditate on thy works; I muse on the works of thy hands.'

'The Church service must be much changed,' said the blue-eyed man.

'It is shorter, it is simpler, and as beautiful as all the arts known to man can make it.'

'And the Creed?'

'We have brought the true worship of God to all men and broken down the barriers that were maintained by creeds.'

'But how?' asked the large man.

'By basing our teaching, not upon tradition, which admits of no accurate testing of its statements, but upon

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facts that can be and are continually being tested. Upon these we can build our hypotheses, and every test to which these can be subjected we welcome — two and two make four to all men, irrespective of the creed they favor.'

'Then what position does the Bible occupy in your Church?' said the blue-eyed man.

'The Bible is open to all. Only it is like all other great works of art: you take away from it in proportion to what you bring to it. Those who read it with a full mind go away the richer. Those who approach it with an empty mind are worse confounded than before. Our duty is to teach men to think and to give them food for thought.'

The vicar fixed the large man with a piercing and a twinkling eye.

'You are thinking, are you not,' he said, 'of the clergy of your time? Many of them were all too ignorant, some not very intelligent. You may remember, or you will soon remember, that the laity in the Church rose up in protest against them. Nowadays our training is a very severe test. We have to pass through a novitiate of ten years. That man in a white cassock whom you see over there has been a novice or probationer for eight years. During that period a profound study is made of all that is known of God's handiwork, the universe. He must learn all that is known and being discovered about man, what he is and how he reacts to his surroundings. He must learn all that is known about those surroundings and how best they may be turned to man's physical and spiritual benefit. When he becomes a priest, it will be his duty to convey that knowledge, so that all may understand it, to the world. To help him in this work he is taught the art of speaking, of addressing multitudes, and of gripping the imagination of his audience. So all men come to know and to revere God; and ignorance, the mother of sin, shall be banished.

'The priest's own life must naturally be irreproachable — more, it must be admirable — so that he may gain and retain the admiration and the love of us all. While we serve the people, we must lead them by our example.

'Of the old Christian observances, we have kept all that is useful and scrapped all that does not accord with the needs of the time. One of the things that we have maintained in part is the monastic life.'

'Oh!' said the four men together.

'During the seventh year of his novitiate, the probationer must live much the same life as did the Trappist monk of old. He has the right to one hour's conversation with his fellows every day, but otherwise he lives in silence and seclusion, following what occupation he chooses. The ever-increasing speed at which we live has made this a valuable way of developing the faculty of meditation, without which any leader of the people must inevitably be worthless.'

At that moment half a dozen chords with haunting intervals from a hidden organ rang through the building. The amber-colored lights grew dim, and there sprang up in several places the reflection of hidden lights of blue. The effect was to give a mysterious atmosphere of peacefulness and calm.

'That, I am afraid, is a warning that in a moment or two we must go,' said the vicar, rising.

'A service?' inquired the blue-eyed man.

'No. Five quarters of an hour of meditation. For each quarter of an hour only a limited number of people are admitted, and they are so arranged as to avoid the dangerous effects of mob psychology. But that is a subject

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that you had studied little in your time. We have music to act as a stimulus to tranquil thought. In the present turmoil of daily life these quiet quarters of an hour are essential to the health of the mind as well as to that of the body.'

As they were walking slowly down the aisle, a boy, wearing a long blue coat with a Celtic cross in red upon his shoulder, passed them, bearing a pile of printed sheets. The vicar stopped him for a moment to take one of the sheets; then, with the best bow that his load permitted, the boy passed on.

'These are the hymns for this evening's service. Besides the orchestral music and the unaccompanied singing of the trained choir, which I should much like you to have heard, we have some magnificent hymns in which the congregation join with the utmost enthusiasm. Some of these hymns you would recognize, for they are very old.'

'But this is the most beautiful printing,' exclaimed the blue-eyed man. 'And on hand-made paper too!'

'It is done by one of our printing classes. We have one for even quite young boys at the school, another for men who come in in the evenings and treat it as a hobby. They print all the books that we publish, and some of their work is very fine. By such classes we have made innumerable craftsmen, who work in our well-equipped workshops in their spare time for the pure love of turning out beautiful things of every kind. Look at the watermark of that sheet.'

The blue-eyed man held the paper up to the light and read aloud:

'THE GIFT OF HARRISON. I WAS MADE TO THE GLORY OF GOD BY —' Here follows a sign like a Celtic cross within a square.

'That,' said the vicar, 'is the sign of the class that made it. The boy who passed us just now was one of the class, and wore the sign upon his arm. Harrison is a paper manufacturer and a member of our congregation. The material of which that paper is made is his gift.'

'You spoke just now,' said the blue-eyed man, 'of a school.'

'Yes. Each church has its school just as it has its hospital. There are hardly any schools or hospitals now other than those of the Church, whose duty it is to teach and to heal. You see, when barriers between sects and religions began to break down, no one had any objection to sending their children to us. When those who had no religion found that we offered an education incomparably superior to any that they could get elsewhere, they made no difficulties about allowing their children to attend.'

'Are the teachers priests?' asked the little man.

'No. Too few pass the test to enable us to use priests for such work. The teachers are selected from those probationers who fail to become priests. The standard is, of course, very high, and the training which they have had puts them out of all comparison with the teachers of your day. There are naturally many who fail to become teachers.'

'And the hospitals?' inquired the large man.

'We do not pretend that anointing with oil and so forth is the sole means of healing that the Church has at its disposal, nor do we claim that it is a cure for all forms of sickness. The thorough knowledge of the human body which we acquire in the course of our training precludes us from taking such a view. The great hospitals of your time represented all that was best in the medical profession. Now they form part of the Church, only they are better, and there are more of them, owing

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to our considerable financial assistance. They are glad to form part of the Church, for we find that there are often times when the priest can help the doctor.'

'I quite agree,' said the blue-eyed man.

'You spoke just now,' said the large man, 'of financial assistance.'

'I did,' said the vicar. 'At one time in history the Church, as well as being the home of all learning and culture, was the wealthiest body in the land. It fell from its high estate, but we have raised it once more. If we are not *the* richest body in the country, we are among the richest. We are legatees in many a will, and we receive large gifts in money or, what is often more valuable, in kind, both from individuals and from firms. The good that we are able to do does not go unappreciated.'

'You have no grant, then, from the State?'

'We do not need it. No church ought to need it.'

'May a priest stand for Parliament?' asked the little man.

'Until recently,' replied the vicar, 'he could not. We made no move to be represented in the Government, feeling certain that our influence outside the House would make itself felt within its walls. But at an election some years ago, following the fall of a more than usually unenlightened Government, we agreed to the demand of the people and allowed priests of more than ten years' experience to stand for Parliament. Now, of course, we have a large majority, and I daresay that one day the House will be composed entirely of priests. It is not surprising when you consider the severe tests and the training through which we have to go and the knowledge of human nature that we acquire. But I am not sure that that weighs most with the electors. I think it is their faith in the integrity of the priest and their belief that he is seeking disinterestedly the highest good of mankind.'

Somewhere a bell rang softly. The vicar paused before the little door through which the four men had entered.

'When we get a majority in the Parliaments of every country in the world,' he said, 'I do not think that we shall ever again hear of war between nations. But I see that if I detain you longer I shall make you late for your dinner. Please come and visit me again whenever you wish and I will show you round the rest of this great building. You must see the schools and the hospital, the workshops and the theatre, all of which I have not yet had time to show you.'

'The theatre!' exclaimed the four men.

'Why not? There was a time when theatres were entirely the affair of the Church. One day they may be so again, if we are to judge by the audiences we get. We had to make the theatre a soundproof unit, as the roars of laughter and the applause could be heard right up here. It is a wonderfully valuable thing — laughter. I think we appreciate it far more than you did. Certainly we give it a more prominent place in life. But I am afraid that I must beg you to excuse me.'

Before a fusillade of thanks from the four men the vicar retired with a graceful salutation of farewell. From the doorway they watched his silently retreating figure.

From a door opposite, men and women were filing in, each making his or her way to some appointed seat, until finally they were dotted about the great hall at equal distances from each other. For a moment or two there was absolute silence; then, from some hidden gallery, the faint strains of a string orchestra could be heard

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playing some sad, haunting little melody reminiscent of a Russian folk-song.

At a motion from the tall, thin man, the other three turned reluctantly and followed him down the stairs. In a moment they were standing again in the murky night air of Pimlico.

Splosh! The wall behind them presented an unbroken appearance throughout its length. The four men turned and stood looking at it.

'That was an unsatisfactory visit,' said the large man, breaking the silence.

'Why?'

'It has only whetted my appetite to know more.'

'And yet if you were to tell anybody what you had seen — '

'No one would believe it.'

'I don't know, though. Someone may have the imagination to see that it must be true. Let 's try.'

'All right.'

'It would be curious if it helped to bring about what we now know to be inevitable. . . .'

HOW WARS ARE MADE

BY PAUL LANGE

[We print below a Socialist-Pacifist review of the memoirs and documents of Field-Marshal Freiherr Konrad von Hötzendorff, former Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff. We give bibliographical data regarding this work under 'Books Mentioned.']

From *Leipziger Volkszeitung, December 27, 28, 29*
(Conservative Socialist Daily)

Freiherr Konrad describes the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy as a rickety structure that was 'held together only by the army.' He mentions among the causes of this condition the activities of the Pan-Germans and the German nationalists, who could and would not understand that the majority of the population of their country was Slav. Even the shortsighted German national agitation to get loose from Rome tended to weaken German influence in Austria.

In November 1906, Freiherr Konrad was appointed Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff at the instance of the heir to the throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The two volumes so far published are designed to show that the Field-Marshal exerted himself to the utmost, from 1906 on, to hasten a war between Austria-Hungary and Italy and Serbia. In his opinion that was the only way to hold the monarchy together. His second object was to deprive Hungary of her autonomy.

In a memorandum dated April 1907, entitled 'War against Italy,' he argued that if the army could get control of the situation by a victorious war it could speedily settle with the autonomous Hungarian Government. But the Imperial Austrian and Royal Hungarian authorities viewed such a proposal with deep distrust. In November 1907, Freiherr Konrad had an interview with the Austro-Hungarian Minister of For-

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eign Affairs, Count Aehrenthal, which he summarizes as follows: —

> Immediate and energetic measures to set things right in Bosnia and Herzegovina, in order that we may have a free hand against Italy; be fully prepared for a conflict in the Balkans. I received the impression that Aehrenthal had given very serious thought to the war I have planned against Italy. This seemed to me to be indicated by the fact that he repeatedly recurred to the subject and tried to prove that it might be wiser after all not to start a war.

The next day Freiherr Konrad wrote to Aehrenthal that the most urgent thing was to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina, which were still nominally under Turkish sovereignty but administered by Austria-Hungary. On December 1, 1907, an agreement was reached at a joint meeting of the Austrian, the Hungarian, and the Austro-Hungarian Ministers, to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina as the joint territory of Austria and Hungary. Three weeks later Freiherr Konrad again urged Aehrenthal in a memorandum 'to have a reckoning with Italy' before attempting a final settlement of the Balkan question by annexing Bosnia, Herzegovina, and likewise Serbia.

On October 5, 1908, the Government ventured formally to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina, since 'Russia was scarcely in a position to start a European war.' This, however, was only one step along the route that Austria-Hungary proposed to follow. Baron Aehrenthal had declared in a cabinet meeting as early as August 19, 1908: 'If we favor the creation of a Great Bulgaria at the cost of Serbia, we have prepared the way to seize the first favorable opportunity, when Europe is otherwise occupied, to absorb what is left of Serbia.'

From this time political power in Austria-Hungary was divided, not only into an Austrian and a Hungarian group, but also into a Kaiser Joseph civilian and a Francis Ferdinand military group. The last contained the ardent war-advocates. Freiherr Konrad declares that, as Chief of the General Staff: —

> I always considered questions of foreign policy within my sphere of duty and made clear my opinion (in the autumn of 1906) that a settlement of the Balkan question was the most important measure that faced the Monarchy. Consequently I regarded the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the incorporation of Serbia as an immediate duty that must be preceded by defeating Italy, who would presumably oppose our plans. During the annexation crisis of 1908 I brought the question to the fore and advised the Government to occupy Serbia immediately, and did everything in my power to prepare for this measure.

On the first of January, 1909, the Chief of Staff, with the approval of Aehrenthal and the previous knowledge of the German Imperial Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, addressed a written communication to the Chief of the German General Staff, General von Moltke, 'in connection with the possible case that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy might have to reckon with Russia and Italy, and military complications in the Balkans, and thereby should have the support of Germany under the treaty of alliance.' Thereupon General von Moltke and Freiherr Konrad worked out an elaborate plan for subjugating Serbia, and Moltke discussed this in a letter to Freiherr Konrad, dated January 21, 1909. He observed that

> An Austrian invasion of Serbia might bring about an active intervention by Russia. Thereupon a *casus fœderis* would arise. . . . The moment Russia mobilized, Germany would also mobilize, and mobilize her whole army. My personal opinion is that Italy will not try to pick a quarrel with Austria-Hungary under any circumstances for a long time to come, and I imagine Austria can work out her affairs in the

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Balkans undisturbed by Italian intervention. . . . To be sure, public sentiment in France is averse to war. Whether, however, that country, which has at its disposal an army almost as large as that of Germany, would tolerate a German mobilization without mobilizing in return, seems to me very doubtful. Two mobilized armies like the German and the French could not remain under arms without fighting. . . . The situation I have outlined is well enough known to all European diplomats, and this will possibly prevent any Great Power from starting a war on account of Serbian ambitions, for that would set all Europe afire.

When, largely as a result of Germany's efforts, the Great Powers, including Russia, recognized the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria late in March, 1909, the Vienna Cabinet decided, contrary to Freiherr Konrad's wishes, that no reason for military action longer existed. This ruined, for the time being, the schemes of the war party. However, Freiherr Konrad was comforted somewhat by a letter from General von Moltke, the Chief of the German General Staff, dated September 14, 1909, in which that gentleman said: —

I join your Excellency in regretting deeply that an opportunity such as will not soon come again has been allowed to pass without taking advantage of it. I am practically certain that we might have succeeded in localizing a war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. . . . Even if Russia had intervened and a European war had followed, the conditions for Austria and Germany are better now than they promise to be for several years to come.

After the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and the Chief of the General Staff, with their clique of war-promoters, failed to bring about hostilities with Italy and Serbia in 1909, they started an active and persistent intrigue against the Austrian, the Hungarian, and the Austro-Hungarian Cabinets. The special objects of their attack were War Minister von Schönaich and Foreign Minister von Aehrenthal of the Imperial Cabinet, who were determined to prevent hostilities. On July 9, 1911, Archduke Francis Ferdinand wrote to Freiherr Konrad: —

What is the use of all our appeals and complaints and notes? Until . . . Schönaich . . . is out of the way for good and all, there is no hope, and your wishes and mine will be constantly defeated. Moreover, there is a certain Aehrenthal now commanding the army and telling us what must be done. So long as such fellows are at the head of affairs, we, my dear Konrad, are out of it. So long as such fellows have the say, in spite of the heir to the throne and the Chief of the General Staff, so long is our well-intended, patriotic, and Black-and-Gold labor quite profitless.

The Archduke wished another Minister of War, Freiherr von Auffenberg. 'Auffenberg is devoted to me and to you. He will be a splendid counterweight to the whole gang that is trying to get us out of the saddle.' Eventually, the war party managed to overcome the opposition of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, and Auffenberg was appointed Minister of War in place of Schönaich. Meanwhile, Freiherr Konrad was as insolent as untiring in his personal and political attacks upon the Foreign Minister Count Aehrenthal. It is not worth while to describe here the personal affronts of Freiherr Konrad. His political and military efforts to provoke a war with Italy are more important.

Even before this, early in 1910, Freiherr Konrad had renewed his correspondence with General von Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, regarding preparations for a war. Moltke thus summarized, very accurately, the substance of Freiherr Konrad's views: —

Since Austria-Hungary regards Italy as the enemy with whom she must have her

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next reckoning, I feel entitled to assume that her preparations for war will be directed primarily against this possible opponent.

Freiherr Konrad kept the Italian question very much to the fore at this time. The Austrian army established, one fine day in 1911, an advanced position upon Italian soil, to be used as an officers' observation post when mobilization occurred. Freiherr Konrad credits this 'to the very commendable initiative of the commanding officer,' who would be responsible, in case of war, for that part of the border. The Austrian officers indulged in similar provocative violations of the frontier at several other places in Italy. In addition, Freiherr Konrad, as a Chief of Staff, kept a host of military spies in Italy, who, when they were discovered by the Italians, always appealed to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Rome for assistance, and thereby seemed to implicate him. So serious did this abuse become that the Ambassador wrote indignantly to Count Aehrenthal, in the spring of 1911: 'You can judge for yourself whether the sorely taxed patience of the Italian Government will hold out much longer if these numerous cases of espionage continue to occur.'

In July 1911, Aehrenthal wrote, with reference to the war-propaganda of the Archduke and the Chief of the General Staff: —

> If we are already fortifying ourselves in such an exceptional way on the Italian border, shifting our troops, and taking other open measures of an unmistakably belligerent character, we cannot avoid awakening in the public mind the idea that war with Italy has been decided upon, and in fact is already in active preparation. . . . If responsible circles in Italy once become firmly convinced that a military party exists in our country, which considers war with Italy inevitable and wishes to bring it about, the approval of the Triple Alliance, which has been so happily strengthened recently among all classes of the people, will suffer seriously.

As long ago as 1902 Austria-Hungary had recognized Italy's claim to Tripoli. However, when Italy made a positive move, in the autumn of 1911, to take possession of Tripoli, Freiherr Konrad advised the Turkish Military Attaché at Vienna: —

> In case Italy makes a hostile demonstration upon the Continent, Turkey ought to address a circular letter to the Powers, explaining in full Italy's procedures. . . . Turkey should impress upon the Powers what a serious danger this represents, not only for Turkey, but also for other Governments.

Eventually, Italy refrained from attacking Turkey in the Balkans, but began a campaign in Africa. The Austrian General Staff exerted itself to have the Great Powers interfere if Italy attacked Turkey in the Balkans, in order that the war between Italy and Turkey might not be localized. Freiherr Konrad wrote Count Aehrenthal with this possibility in view: —

> The Monarchy — that is, Austria-Hungary — should seize the opportunity, when Italy is employed in Tripoli, to attain her objects in a different direction — that is, in the Balkans, where she must expect Italy to oppose her in the future.

On November 15, 1911, Freiherr Konrad submitted a memorandum to Emperor Francis Joseph in which he argued that it was necessary to annex Serbia and to secure a slice of Russian Poland; and he proposed, by way of preparing for this, to attack Italy in the spring of 1912, to annex the Italian province of Venetia, and to destroy the Italian fleet or compel its surrender to Austria-Hungary. Furthermore, a large war indemnity should be levied upon that country.

This memorandum to Emperor Fran-

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cis Joseph was dated November 15, 1911. Six days earlier, on November 9, a Conservative leader, Herr von Heydebrand, had delivered a fire-eating war-speech in the Reichstag at Berlin, which was vigorously applauded by Crown Prince William.

But, on receiving the memorandum mentioned, Emperor Francis Joseph promptly removed his Chief of General Staff, Freiherr Konrad, from his post, with the pointed statement that Austria would not tolerate her heir to the throne to do what Crown Prince William was permitted to do in Germany.

The dismissal of Freiherr Konrad from his post as Chief of General Staff was interpreted by European diplomats as the defeat of Francis Ferdinand's war policy. The Italian Ambassador at Vienna, Avarna, expressed this opinion by saying that Freiherr Konrad had been 'sacrificed upon the altar of the Triple Alliance.'

Count Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, died early in 1912. That relieved the Hapsburg militarists of a man who had resolutely opposed their war intrigues. He was succeeded by Count Berchtold, who had no political programme of his own, but was merely a puppet in the hands of the Archduke and the General Staff. It is possible, also, that Berchtold's sympathies disposed him to favor war.

When the Balkan States attacked Turkey, in the autumn of 1912, Freiherr Konrad, who was no longer Chief of the General Staff but Inspector-General of the Army, wrote, late in October, to Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Foreign Minister Berchtold, that Austria-Hungary must organize a Balkan League, to include Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece. These countries must enter into the same relationship to Austria-Hungary that Bavaria holds to the German Empire. Rumania should be invited to join this alliance, but Albania must form a separate Austrian colony.

On November 19, 1912, Freiherr Konrad again wrote to Count Berchtold, advising that the Austro-Hungarian army be mobilized at once, and the Great Powers notified that Austria-Hungary had hitherto refrained from intervening in the Balkan war because she knew

> that were she to attack Serbia, other countries would, in all probability, become involved, and eventually all Europe would be drawn in. The fearful suffering that this would cause in Europe, the appalling destruction that would follow, and the preponderance that the non-European nations would thereby gain, were so obvious that the Monarchy in entering the war was quite aware that it was making a decision involving not only itself but all Europe.

On the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of November, Freiherr Konrad personally assured himself at Bucharest that Rumania would join a war against Russia. On the first of December *Gross-Oesterreich*, a newspaper that Freiherr Konrad says was the mouthpiece of the imperial heir, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, published an article declaring that if Serbia were to seize a single kilometre of the Albanian Coast, she would have to fight Austria, and that

> a war with our country will mean the end of Serbia's independence. If she is not willing to dwell in peace as our next-door neighbor, she must be compelled to live in peace inside the Monarchy.

By such threats, Austria-Hungary was able to settle the Serbian boundaries after the Balkan war according to her wishes — Serbia received no access to the sea.

On December 7, 1912, the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy was renewed. The same day the Archduke Francis Ferdinand notified Freiherr Konrad that he would be reappointed Chief of the General Staff.

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Five days later this appointment was officially announced, and was regarded by Italy as an intentional provocation. On December 18, the Austro-Hungarian Military Attaché in Paris and Brussels, Colonel Vidale, wrote to Freiherr Konrad: —

During my visit to Brussels, I frequently had opportunity to converse with Germany's official representatives there. I was able to observe from the questions addressed to me, and the remarks that I chanced to overhear, the impression produced by this change of policy, which no one anticipated. The appointment of your Excellency to your former post means the 'victory of the war party.'

In any case, people in Germany consider the present situation very serious, and they by no means feel assured that Russia will remain neutral if the difficulties between Serbia and ourselves are settled by arms. You may be sure that in such an eventuality Russia, France, and Italy will act. England will wait until she knows for sure from which side she can get the bigger profit.

Freiherr Konrad proposes to describe the activities of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, from the beginning of 1913 to the outbreak of the war, in a third volume, which is yet to be published. That will add still further to our knowledge of what happened prior to July 5, 1914, when, as Bethmann-Hollweg reports in *Observations on the World War*,

the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Count Szögyenyi, handed the Kaiser, after breakfast at the Imperial table, a letter from Emperor Francis Joseph, together with a memorandum from his Government. The memorandum contained a draft of a comprehensive Balkan programme for a long period ahead, which called for vigorous diplomatic action in order to defeat Russia's plans. This programme involved using Bulgaria and Turkey against hostile Serbia, and as compensation for Rumania, which had become uncertain. The object was to organize a Balkan Alliance under the ægis of the Central Powers, excluding Serbia.

Bethmann-Hollweg omitted to say that Serbia's exclusion from the Balkan League was to be secured by incorporating that country with Austria. In this plan, the designs of Freiherr Konrad took definite form. It became the plan of the Central Powers. Bethmann-Hollweg carefully avoids saying that it was rejected by the rulers of Germany.

The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, the leader of the war party, late in June 1914, did not therefore cause any change in policy. At most, it hastened somewhat the outbreak of the war that the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns proposed in any case to fight. The incident only made these gentlemen eager to create the impression that the assassination of Francis Ferdinand was what caused the Austrians to undertake their harmless punitive expedition. Austria attacked Serbia perfectly aware that this would bring about a general European war. The war was likewise encouraged by the German Power, when it declared that it would see to it that a war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia was localized, and would attack any Government that interfered with Austria in its Balkan business. Defenders of these monarchies now try to make it appear that Germany's effort to localize the war was a peaceful measure. In reality, it merely showed that she intended to make the Balkans a private preserve for Germany and Austria, and that the rulers of these two countries now felt themselves strong enough to carry out their Berlin-Bagdad project and to subjugate the Balkan nations, cost what it would.

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IMPERIALISM AD ABSURDUM

BY LOUIS ARAQUISTAIN

From *España, January 6*
(Madrid Liberal-Pacifist Weekly)

Many good people are greatly disturbed because our Government has contracted with Raisuli, the enemy against whom we were obligated to protect the Sultan of Morocco, to become our ally and a subdefender of our sovereignty in his country. But there is no cause for alarm. Such paradoxes characterize not only imperialism but all government policies everywhere. It is by no means rare for a reformed bandit and murderer to wash the bloodstain from his hands and become a guardian of the land, and, indeed, he often displays high gifts for his new profession. Such shifting of careers is like a vaccination which, done in time, reduces the virulence of the original disease. So a criminal career becomes, in final analysis, largely an energetic and effective way to get a job protecting the public against criminals. May we not hope that sometime an enlightened system of public instruction will impress this logical culmination of their career upon all children born with criminal instincts and thus facilitate their evolution into eventual defenders of the law.

Consequently this practice of making diseases cure themselves may well have wide application in our colonies. Only people ignorant of the methods of modern imperialism need feel surprise or indignation at such devices. As the whole world knows, every colonial adventure in our present high stage of civilization starts out with an intervention. 'A barbarous country' — the selected victim is always 'a barbarous country' — proves unable to maintain law and order within its territory, and thereby imperils foreign interests. Thereupon the Governments whose citizens or subjects are identified with these interests spring to their protection.

Intervention usually begins as a temporary measure; but since the disorders generally continue, and are often aggravated by the intrigues of rival Powers, this temporary intervention always ends by becoming permanent.

But the acquisition of colonies today is a gradual affair, a pussy-foot procedure. Nothing should be done precipitately; otherwise good people might be offended and opposition might spring up both in the invading country and in the countries that are its rivals. Therefore Governments resort to a political fiction.

The first step for the Powers that aspire to divide up among themselves a barbarous country is to arrive at some sort of amicable agreement among themselves. This finds expression in what are called zones of influence. Sometimes a civilized Government is compensated for giving a free hand to one of its civilized neighbors in some barbarous territory by a free hand to occupy lands in some other equally barbarous territory. This happened in Africa. France, in return for a free hand from England in Morocco, granted England the right to absorb Egypt. With the same object in view, France without protest permitted Italy to occupy Tripoli, and ceded Germany—

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after the Tangier and Agadir incidents in 1905 and 1911 — many thousand miles of territory in the Congo.

After a number of predatory States have thus agreed among themselves upon their zones of influence, the next step is to set up protectorates. The civilized country says to the barbarous country: 'You are unable, as we have seen for several years, to keep peace within your territories. I will undertake to do so, and in addition, out of the excess of my generosity, I will also civilize you in the meantime. Naturally I do not intend to trespass upon your sovereignty. I merely offer to protect you against your enemies at home and abroad. In order to do this, it will be necessary for you to sign this paper, formally authorizing me to undertake this lofty labor of enforcing order and civilizing you. Naturally this contract must give me a monopoly of the job.'

That was the kind of contract that Morocco signed with France in 1912. The same year a treaty was concluded between France and Spain, allotting the latter country, as a protectorate, the Rif — the poorest, most mountainous, and most lawless section of Morocco. This Spanish protectorate over a zone prescribed by France, in the selection of which the Spaniards had no voice, is in reality a sort of subprotectorate under the general protectorate which France exercises over Morocco.

After a protectorate has once been set up, the civilized nation speedily subjugates it, and thus converts it into a colony. Spain has not been able to reach this point, not so much because of the resistance offered by the Moors, as because the undertaking was unpopular at home, her army was demoralized, and her Government did not know its own mind. So, having failed in her attempt to conquer the Rif, she returns to the idea of a protectorate.

However, in adopting the latter measure, Spain has resorted to the amusing device that impotent Governments are wont to use in dealing with evildoers — that is, she has enlisted the offenders in her own service. So our helpless imperialists have made a pact with the barbarians. To-day it is Raisuli. To-morrow it may be Abd-el-Krim, the man who whipped us so badly a year ago last summer. We thus make these protégés subprotectors, delegating to them our own authority. The result is that a Spanish subprotectorate is converted into an under-subprotectorate, and that we thereby appoint the rebels themselves to restrain the excesses of their own rebellion. And what guaranty have we that Raisuni may not subcontract his job to triple subprotectors, and so on, indefinitely — all, of course, under the eventual ægis of Spain?

So we have imperialism reduced to an absurdity — barbarians enlisted to suppress barbarism! Does this not suggest that the failure of a country to govern its people efficiently is often due to the poverty of the people themselves? To take the example in hand — the Moors and their Government are extremely poor. They cannot support an army and a police force strong enough to suppress rebellions and maintain law and order. But the rebels themselves are not rebels from mere love of insurrection and revolution. No indeed. They are at heart devoted to law and order, and this inspires them to stir up trouble and thus cause international complications that will result in their being hired to pacify the territory they themselves have kept disturbed. Naturally, all for a fair price.

So, unless our premises are entirely wrong, the most practical way to pacify a country is to subsidize its most vigorous adventurers and lawless inhabitants, and convert them into a police force that has a selfish interest in maintain-

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ing order. After all, is this not what England has usually done in her colonies, and what France has done next door to us, in Northern Africa?

Colonies are either complete failures or are defended by a native army and constabulary. Even the most powerful Governments cannot rule another country from without except at the cost of stimulating its latent desire for independence, and eventually awakening its national spirit. Since this is inevitable, the only enlightened colonization policy is to cultivate this sentiment until it becomes strong enough and efficient enough to direct the destinies of the people into the paths of peace. However, the colonial methods to-day, with their hypocritical legal fictions, their enormous drain upon our treasuries, their intimidating international dangers, are proving futile, and no alternative seems to exist except to entrust this labor of preparing backward nations for self-government to a supernational organism — the League of Nations or a similar body.

If we continue our present conquests, protectorates, and zones of influence, we are merely playing with fire in a powder magazine. Morocco and the Balkans yesterday, and the Near East to-day, are heaped high with such explosives.

INDUSTRIAL LABOR IN INDIA

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

[*The United States has been for more than two decades the largest producer of iron and steel in the world. Indeed, one third of the world's output is said to be made in the Pittsburgh area. Eventually Asia promises to be a powerful competitor in this industry. In* 1914, *Chinese furnaces were delivering pig-iron in California cheaper than our own producers. During the war itself, India developed an iron industry that underbids the Chinese furnaces in Japan.*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, January* 13
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

THANKS to the kindness of a director and of the management, I got a passing glimpse of Tata's iron and steel works at Jamshedpur. The place gave me plenty to think about. Here is India industrialized under the most favorable circumstances. For the Jamshedpur iron and steel industry is not like the Bombay cotton industry, an industry that has sprung up by chance in the middle of a densely crowded city. Tata's started with a clean slate. Fifteen years ago there was no Jamshedpur, only a small agricultural village in the middle of a jungle. The site was well chosen, not only from an industrial but also from a sanitary point of view. The climate is healthy, though very hot in summer. There is unlimited room for extensions and house sites. Capital has been forthcoming, and Tata's has had no need to adopt a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy. So if industrialized India is ever going to be a success it should be a success at Jamshedpur.

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What did I make of it all? Well, to say the truth, when I first saw Tata's furnaces polluting the eastern sky at dawn I felt some difficulty in reconciling myself to the desecration. It happens that the scenery round Jamshedpur is typical Indian scenery of the kind I like best — a country of low, rough red gravel ridges with ranges of blue hills in the distance, all under a wide, clear sky. Smoke in that sky was new to me, and I did not want it there. Still, a painter might have said that the smoke made the dawn more interesting. Anyhow, it was plain that the smoke had come to stay. So I accepted the fact and went off to see the town and the conditions under which Tata's men are living.

Jamshedpur has now a population of over 80,000. It exists only for Tata's. Tata's owns the place. Every soul in it, you may say, is directly or indirectly working for Tata's or for one of the new subsidiary companies which are springing up in the neighborhood under the shadow of Tata's wing. If there is a certain lack of variety in the interests and aims of a town of this description this is compensated for by the striking diversity of the races to be found in it. Here are American, English, and Scotch technical experts who form Tata's management, not more than three or four Indians having yet gained a footing among the upper thirty. Even lower down you find a good deal of skilled white labor engaged on jobs for which special experience is required. But there are plenty of jobs, skilled and unskilled, left for Indians, and Jamshedpur draws recruits from every race and every class in India. Pathans and Sikhs come from the north to meet with Tamils from Cape Comorin. Illiterate aborigines are digging, road-making, and carrying headloads, while American-educated Bengalis are erecting dynamos or making chemical investigations.

What I saw gave me the impression that there is no town in India where the worker lives in such favorable conditions and where the pinch of poverty is so little felt. Housing is good, and so is the sanitation and the water supply. There is plenty of room and plenty of fresh air, and some attempt has been made to provide amusements. Hours are reasonable, judged by Indian standards. The wages paid are not extravagant, but they must be quite up to the level of the best wages paid elsewhere in India, even when allowance has been made for the difficulty of keeping down the prices in the bazaar of a rapidly growing industrial town situated in a barren and sparsely inhabited country. Above all, there is no unemployment or under-employment, for in spite of the slump the extensions planned have to be proceeded with, and new companies are erecting plant for subsidiary industries all around.

What I heard from others confirmed the favorable impression left on me by what I saw. Both at Jamshedpur and elsewhere I met labor leaders who were ready enough to criticize Tata's. But I noticed that either their criticisms were concerned with rather petty grievances or else they attacked the whole capitalist system.

Yet, in spite of these favorable conditions, Labor at Jamshedpur is no more contented than it is in the other industrial centres in India. There was a serious strike this year, and it is by no means certain that the trouble will not recur. What is the cause of this unrest? 'The political agitator,' is the answer which the employer usually gives to this question; and there is no doubt there is often a great deal of truth in the answer, though the employer is mistaken if he thinks that all 'outside' labor leaders are guided by political motives. I have met labor leaders in different parts of India, and

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I fancy the men I met were fairly typical. The majority were lawyers, journalists, professional politicians, or professional social workers. Few of them knew anything of industries either from the point of view of the workman or from that of the employer. Some had a genuine interest in the whole question of the relations of capital and labor. Others were frankly out for political ends.

Except in a few special industries, such as the printing trade and the railways, which include a considerable number of educated employees, Indian Labor is unable to organize and officer trade unions without outside assistance. When educated men volunteer their services to help in the formation of a union, the workers are generally glad to accept the offer and apt to form an exaggerated opinion of the power which the union will be able to exercise. The educated president of such a union, if he is a theorist or an enthusiast, is very apt to excite false hopes which lead the men to disaster. Even if he is a cautious man he may find himself unable to restrain the men's impatience to test the strength of their new weapon by striking at an obviously inopportune moment or for an obviously unattainable purpose.

Remember that the Indian laborer is extraordinarily ill-educated, extraordinarily suspicious, and extraordinarily intelligent. He is much quicker than the British workman to take up any new idea which a theorist or an agitator may place before him. He is much slower to accept an explanation put forward by his employer to remove an ungrounded suspicion. But, apart from the influence of politicians and intellectuals, there are other factors which make it difficult to fit Indian Labor into the Western industrial system. The Indian is apt to feel that a man has a natural right to security of tenure. He tends to claim a permanent right, perhaps even an hereditary right, in his land and in his job. It seems to him the height of injustice to discharge or evict a man without reason assigned, or simply because you can get a better or a cheaper man to fill the place.

The Indian peasant has succeeded in establishing this permanent right in the land he cultivates. He cannot be evicted so long as he pays the rent, and, indeed, before the advent of the British Raj he would probably not have been evicted even then. The State or his landlord would have thought it quite natural to flog him, but to evict him or sell away his land was a British innovation, and an unpopular one.

The caste system, of course, tends to support this claim to security of tenure and to extend it from the land to other occupations. I remember an oversanguine milkman who sued for an injunction to restrain the occupant of a certain house from getting his milk from a rival milkman. The plaintiff admitted that he might be fined if the quality of the milk which he supplied was not satisfactory, but he contended that he had a permanent and hereditary right to supply milk to all the houses in that street. In the same way the factory worker is very ready to challenge the management's right to dismiss a man.

Since this is the traditional Indian view of a man's rights, it is not surprising to find that the ideas of the Guild Socialists have a strong attraction for the young Indian intellectuals who are interesting themselves in labor questions. These young men are all for abolishing 'wage slavery' and introducing democratic self-government into industry. When I suggest that their own position as labor leaders amounts to an admission of the fact that Indian Labor is not yet able to run even a trade union, and ask what reason there is to suppose that it would be capable

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of managing the whole industry, they reply that the present industrial system will take some time in dying. But the trouble is that in India the industrial system has hardly yet come into being. These men often talk as if they were out to cook the capitalist's goose before she has even begun to lay the golden eggs, and it does not appear that they have any rival bird in hand to substitute for her. Not many of them really expect much from the khaddar bird.

Again, the Indian workman is hardly less sensitive about his dignity than the educated Indian. At the same time he is tough enough. Having struck work, he will not come back in a hurry; and even when he sees that he is hopelessly beaten he will starve for another month unless the employer will consent to make some nominal concession to save his face.

Then there is the language difficulty. In most Indian industrial establishments the managing staff is still European. Slack as the European Government official is about learning the vernacular, the European industrialist is ten times worse. Remember how often labor disputes arise over the exact interpretation to be put upon the terms of a promise or an agreement and how much the minds of the men may be affected by the rudeness or politeness in the wording of managerial orders. You can then estimate the amount of mischief that may be done by a careless or tactless interpreter. To make matters worse, many managers have the idea that Eurasian foremen are the best intermediaries between the Indian workman and the European manager. But the fact is that the Eurasian is the worst possible intermediary because he stands to lose far more than the pure-bred European from the abandonment of the old dominant race idea.

That brings me to another of the labor difficulties that are peculiar to India, and that is the racial difficulty. This difficulty is not yet acute at Tata's. On the one hand, three or four Indians have already found their way up to the top, and there are two technical schools intended to train Indians for higher and lower positions at the works. On the other hand, though there is a good deal of complaint about the slowness of the process of Indianization, yet it is generally admitted that the art of steel-making cannot be learned in a day. But on the railways the racial difficulty has become very acute. So I was told, not only by Indian labor leaders, but also by Anglo-Indian railway subordinates with a first-hand knowledge of the facts.

The racial difficulty appears in two forms. First, there is the young, half-trained mechanic brought out from home to start as an assistant foreman in the railway workshops. An old army Tommy, now in railway employ, no labor agitator and no friend of labor agitators, gave me a very striking picture of the way this young man behaves when he first finds himself boss of a repair yard, with Indian engine-drivers and Indian firemen coming to him to ask for repairs. He is suffering from swelled head and he does n't know his job, and he thinks swagger and bad language will enhance his importance in the eyes of the 'coolies' he is dealing with.

''E don't know what's going on inside their 'eads. Lord bless you, they can think the same as you and me. When a fireman gets cussed for coming and asking for repairs, why 'e goes away and 'e thinks, "What good is this white man? 'E cusses me and 'e draws ten times as much pay as me, but 'e does n't know anything about an engine, not as much as I do." They'll bring a revolution, these fellows, if they're not stopped. I'm a 'ome-bred

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man myself, but it's the 'ome-bred ones that's the worst.'

At another place I got very similar evidence from an old-country-bred European station-master. 'These young foremen, just out from home, they'll ruin all. They think themselves God Almighty, and they think the natives are all coolies, tho' there are men all round 'em that could put 'em in a bandbox and hush 'em to sleep there.'

So much for the pure-bred European third-rater fresh out from home. The other difficulty is the Eurasian. The railways have been, and still are, the mainstay of the Eurasian community. The Eurasian's preferential right to employment on the railway has all along been more or less openly recognized. I have been told on good authority that it is a fact that Eurasians get paid seventy rupees for doing work which Indians are doing for thirty rupees. One result of this is that a low type of Indian Christian is apt to claim to be a Eurasian, and the claim, it is said, is often admitted. No small amount of friction is generated between these pseudo-Eurasian engine-drivers and their Indian firemen. It was an incident arising out of this friction that led to the greatest of Indian railway strikes.

It is hard luck on the Eurasian community that its reputation should suffer for the misconduct of these undesirable hangers-on. Even without them the position of the community is sufficiently difficult and pitiable. The Eurasian's standard of living is higher, or at least more costly, than that of the Indian. But his education is not good enough to enable him to go into the open market and earn the extra income required to maintain the higher standard. It is only with the help of a preferential tariff such as is accorded to him on the railways that he can hope to get the income he needs. If there is to be free competition with the Indian he must then face the cruel necessity of a lowering in his standard of living. Small wonder if he finds it hard to accept the principle of racial equality.

From the above it will be seen that a political agitator who wished to make mischief would have little difficulty in stirring up labor troubles. It will also, I think, be apparent that even an outsider who honestly wishes to help Labor may very easily find that he has done more harm than good. There are a few educated Indians following technical trades who have begun to act as leaders of their less-educated fellows. I met two such men at Tata's, and in ten years' time this class should be numerous enough to be important. But for the present the leadership of Indian Labor must, as a rule, be in the hands of the outsiders. And I fear the outsiders will generally be politicians.

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PETÖFI, POET OF ETERNAL YOUTH

BY ETTORE JANNI

[*The centenary of the birth of Petöfi Sándor, Hungary's great poet of freedom, has been commemorated by many anniversary articles in the European press, and by memorial meetings not only in his own country, but at Paris and elsewhere. In Budapest an elaborate film, in which even minor parts were taken by the foremost artists in Hungary, has just been completed, representing with historical accuracy Petöfi's life and work. Certain introductory paragraphs of the following article are taken from a sketch by Herbert Eulenberg, the distinguished German dramatist, which appeared in the* Neue Freie Presse *for December* 31.]

From *Corriere della Sera, January* 2
(Milan Liberal Daily)

One aspect of Hungarian history will ever remain fresh in the memory of Italy: the common hatred that both countries felt for the tyranny of Austria. During our struggle for liberty the Magyar soldiers in our Lombardian garrisons felt far more sympathy for the oppressed Italians than for their oppressors. Our volunteers flocked to enroll themselves under the banner of revolting Hungary and to die fighting Croats, Germans, and Russians in her cause; Hungarian volunteers in turn thronged to our country to don the red shirt of the Garibaldians.

The poet par excellence of that era of dawning liberty was Alexander Petöfi. There were great writers and great poets whose fame extended farther. But there was none so simple, spontaneous, passionate, potent with native lyric power. No other retained throughout the fresh exuberance of youth as did this Magyar poet. Perhaps for that reason his centenary appeals more strongly to our aged and disillusioned Europe of to-day — because he brings with him the high spirits, the impulsiveness, the inextinguishable hope of youth.

Indeed, the year was still young and the day was still young when the future poet was born on New Year's 1823, in the little village of Kiskörös in Southern Hungary. He was christened Alexander Petrovics — 'the son of Peter' — but later Magyarized his Serbian name into Petöfi Sándor. Were he to return on the centenary of his birth, he would probably wish to retire again to the remote pastoral village where he first saw the light of day; for the modern world would seem to him hardly worth viewing in a more pretentious setting.

I imagine, too, that he would select parents of the same type that God then granted him — solid, substantial people, close to the soil. His father was a butcher by trade, stunning with his axe the oxen that his son later immortalized with his pen. His mother was a Serbian country maid. Neither knew aught else than honorable toil from morning until night. Nor did this bring them many material blessings. The honest couple moved from place to place, and finally found refuge in their old age in the fat lowlands that they knew and loved so well, between the Danube and the Theiss, where they ended their lives within a few weeks of each other, the modest tenants of a country inn. Their great and gifted son had been able to help them little; for his fame came to him only a few

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years before they died. Prior to that — my Heavens, what a poor devil he had been!

When the Fathers dismissed him from school in Budapest, he ranked number one hundred and eight among the one hundred and fourteen pupils in his class. One of the pious Brothers admonished him at graduation before all his school companions: 'Petrovics, I hear you are writing verses in private. Let that alone. A lad who invariably has been marked *pessimus* in Latin will never succeed as an author.'

And this prediction seemed at first to be fulfilled. For, when he left school at the age of sixteen, he became an actor, and a miserably unsuccessful one. No manager wanted the gawky, overgrown, freckled lad for anything else than some non-speaking, petty part, and even then only under the condition that he also serve as a super and as an errand boy to run for bread and sausage for the regular members of the cast. He was passed on from one troupe to another with the remark: 'He has not the slightest talent, but a gigantic Adam's apple.'

Petöfi never forgot a winter passed at Debreczen, in the most squalid indigence. From here he made his way on foot to Budapest, and appealed to the noble poet, Vörösmarty, who had already won notable laurels for the young Hungarian literature. Indeed, Vörösmarty, Petöfi, and Arany were a trinity of sweet singers in that tongue that have never since been equalled.

Vörösmarty immediately recognized the genius of the lyric poet, and the youthful tramp suddenly found himself famous. With the rising political ferment of the time, his passionate love for liberty found prompt expression in his verses. He wanted a Hungarian Republic, independent of Austria, a republic where the common people, above all, should be prosperous and happy. All the enthusiasm and eloquence of the day, when even Socialism was Romanticism, all the youthful ardor of his boyish temperament, found expression in his songs.

Only a few days ago, when a memorial session was held in the Hungarian Parliament to commemorate Petöfi, a tumultuous party demonstration occurred, in which the Radicals recalled to the Monarchists and the Conservatives that Petöfi was a Republican and in a certain sense a Socialist. Had the shadow of the poet been present, what a bitter smile would have flashed across his countenance!

Poor himself, he understood the sufferings of the poor. Born in a cabin, he knew the life of a cottager, with its privations and sacrifices. It is needless to recall that, prior to the Revolution of 1848, Hungary was a feudal country, and its peasants were still serfs bound to the soil. Petöfi stood for the cabin against the palace; for the common people against an idle, ignorant, and tyrannical nobility; for the Fatherland against the King — who was also Emperor of Austria.

Nevertheless, the Socialist who tries to make Petöfi one of his own ilk, attempts a foolish usurpation, for the simple reason that Petöfi was a poet. As such, he looked forward confidently to a future battle between the wicked and the righteous, in perfect assurance that the evil would be vanquished. And his Socialism would have no more in common with the abstract dogmas of Karl Marx than his hero Giovanni, the creation of an ingenuous popular mythology, would have in common with the dictators of the Russian Soviet Republic.

Alexander Petöfi loved his country and demanded better conditions for his people for his country's sake. Two legends ought to be inscribed on the

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pedestal of his monument, both of them taken from his poems. One is 'Each palpitation of my heart carries a prayer for the world's felicity'; and the other, an epigram worthy of the spirit of an ancient Greek uniting the genius of Anacreon and Simonides, 'Blessed is he to whom Heaven grants this fate: to live for wine and women — and to die for his Fatherland.'

Petöfi is preëminently an incarnation of youth, intoxicated with freedom, devoted to the fatherland, inspiring her defenders with the magic of his poetry, singing songs of love and songs of war, thirsting for a glorious death on the field of battle. Even apart from his peculiar part in his country's fight for freedom, he is a great poet: the poet of wine, of love, of rural life, of impulsive sincerity; Magyar to the depths of his soul, and yet — perhaps for that very reason — universal. Nowhere is there a better example of the early flowering of youth than this remarkable poet affords — a good poet before he was twenty, incomparable before he was twenty-seven. He wrote excellent things in prose, especially his travel impressions, as well as dramas and other forms of verse. But it is to his lyrics that he owes his rank in literature. His bacchic, erotic, pastoral, and patriotic songs are like a glorious flower-studded prairie, where Spring has lavished her boundless gifts of beauty with unstinting hands.

A short springtime, a short life, but harmonious and typical. Every Hungarian feels, when he reads Petöfi's verses, as if they had been sung for generations, as if they had sprung from the hearts of the people, in their homes, at their festivals, during their rustic toil. Every native of the country feels that his own youth is, or was, worthy to wear similar garlands. He discovers in these songs his own sorrows, his own longings, his own dreams, his own resilient and expansive spirit of early May.

Alexander Petöfi was criticized, when he first became known, for a certain rusticity; he was not polished enough for the critics. He was regarded as a popular poet, though one of rare quality. Soon, however, his seeming faults were found to be virtues. His countrymen discovered in his songs a true reflection of their own virility, of their own fancy — a vigorous fancy that bore the poet on high, to summits where he completely realized himself. He was intentionally a singer of the people, who sang impetuous youth, and fire, and melancholy, and tempests, and star-studded skies.

Youth in every country is instinctively vagabond, intoxicated with its sensations and its illusions — at least potentially if not actually. Petöfi was most at home on the broad Danubian plain. His poetry is the free verse of the saddle, the song of unbroken steeds and soaring birds and vagrant winds.

My Pegasus is no British steed,
Slender-necked and clean of limb,
Nor yet a plodding German pad,
Broad-backed and treading like a bear;
My Pegasus is a Magyar colt
Of purest Magyar breed.
By the wayside I check his course,
Where the maidens buzz like bees,
From the fairest I take a flower,
And gallop on. Hurrah!

. . . . . .

Think you poetry is a cart,
Creaking along the broad highway?
Poetry's an eagle, soaring free,
Aloft through the pathless ether.

. . . . . .

Poetry is no salon of fashion,
Where well-dressed people chatter idle gossip;
Poetry is a fair and noble temple
Open to rich and poor, to all who worship.

Alexander Petöfi sings the *Alföld* — the vast plain where his warrior tribe consecrated their conquest by becoming a race of farmers; he sings the

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puszta or wooded border of the plain, with its villages on whose thatched gables the storks roost in the springtime. He sings the *ciarda* or village inn where men drink heavily between the music and the dance; he sings the *betyá* or horse-thief, sometimes a brigand, hard to the rich, generous to the poor. He sings of solitude, of primal passions; of wells with long sweeps piercing the horizon; of clouds drifting through the summer skies; of broad reaches of plain suggesting the infinite, where the mirage shimmers and dances in the throbbing heat of summer noon. He sings wine, ever dear to a race of stout drinkers, wine that gives oblivion to what we would forget and makes the dreams of what we would recall seem true: 'God who gave sorrow gave its medicine.'

> Where, oh where, are the maids so fair
> And the wine so fine as in Hungary?
> Strike up, gypsy, here's your fee,
> Play what stirs the soul in me.
> What though it be the joy of pain,
> Thus must it be, for I remain
> Ever a Magyar whose heart responds
> Readiest to the sad, deep tones
> Of our violins.

Youth! May Mornings! Who is there that has lost all memory of their charm, their exhilaration? In Petöfi this vibrant, melodious, exuberant, ecstatic youth is so incarnated in song that its fascination becomes irresistible. Nothing could be more natural and spontaneous than his smiles, his sadness, his moodiness, and that characteristic pessimism of youth that talks cemeteries and tombs, and curses the destiny of man, only to burst into joyous song a moment later: 'How sweet is life — how fair the world!'

He sang of the woman who was dearest of all to him, the Julia who later became his wife. No poet has written more feelingly of conjugal love than this praiser of Bacchus and the follies of youth. No one has sung more touchingly of home than this homeless wanderer.

But the horizon grows lurid. War breaks upon the land. The poet became the inspirer of rebels and of warriors. Arms — arms — arms! But in the midst of his war songs his beloved wife was never entirely absent from his mind. Her smile shines through them like an uncaptured sunbeam between the bleak clouds of a tempest. War followed close upon the call to arms. But the woman of his heart was still ever present in his songs. Certainly her image was before his eyes that tragic evening when charging Cossacks trampled him to death. Then came night, an unknown grave, a forgotten mound on some wind-swept Transylvanian knoll.

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STUDENT LIFE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

BY CHARLES FOLEY

From *L'Écho de Paris, December 7*
(Clerical Daily)

In the thirteenth century the University of Paris was so famous and possessed of such privileges, it opened the way to so many positions of honor and profit, that students ranging all the way from fifteen to thirty-five poured into Paris, not only from all the provinces of France, but from Italy, England, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. Peasants, bourgeois, and nobles, born with a thirst for instruction, hoping to become bishops or even popes, came to sit at the feet of the masters whose word 'gave intellectual bread to the world.'

That was about all the bread students got. They had plenty of legal privileges, but their fare was meagre. A few of them, rich and pompous, strutted through the streets followed by their servants carrying Vergil, Ovid, or Lucian, mixed in with the Litany, Paternosters, and all the works of the clergy. In fair Gothic script, decorated, illuminated, with miniatures wrought into the text, and adorned with letters of gold, these books were sometimes worth five hundred or a thousand francs.

Such students had no difficulty in making the usual gifts of spices or money to their masters to improve the traditional repast offered to examiners, or to pay the crown claimed by the first beadle and the franc claimed by the second. These students laughed at cold and hunger at least, if not at blows. They passed their Tuesday half-day in gambling at the Pré-aux-Clercs or in promenades at the clos Bruneau, or the clos Mauvoisin, or the clos Garlande, and were free to wander among the vines and the fresh shadows of the montagne Sainte-Geneviève. From a distance they could admire the abbeys of Saint Victor or Saint Germain, their gardens girt with crenellated walls and their steeples and towers delicately traced against the sky. At night they roistered in the alleyways, had the run of the taverns, sure of impunity, and beat up the city watch.

Less fortunate, but nevertheless quite at ease, other students who could scratch together six, eight, or ten sous a week would live with their master and eat at his table. If they could not buy books like the young lords, at least they had money enough to rent them on deposit. The students who enjoyed such advantages as these were few in number, sons of peasants or artisans. Almost all the students whose intellectual powers had been recognized by the Church, and who owed their education to her, remained extremely poor. Their parents would sell their last acre of earth or sacrifice their pay so that their children might win honor and learning at Paris; and very often, while the ruined father was doing double work, the boy

> *Partout regarde, partout muse,*
> *Son argent part, sa robe s'use.*
>
> (Sees everything, idles about,
> Roisters until his cloak wears out.)

There were a good many students' associations that tried to live *à la bourse commune.* In front of the palace

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of Thermes, in the rue Coupe-Gueule, there were even a house and some stables that the 'blessed King' had given to Robert de Sorbon, his chaplain, to serve as a college, or rather a kind of asylum for the students. There was also the College of the Eighteen, the College of the Bons Enfants, of Saint Nicholas du Louvre, and more still. In vain were godly men invited to do a pious work by assuring food and shelter to the students, for the donations were not sufficient. These unfortunate young people did not even own a barn for their meetings. They were reduced to assembling around the holy-water founts in the churches, by preference in the church of Saint Julien le Pauvre, and they were compelled to leave their baggage and their books in the neighboring convents.

It was still more difficult to find lodgings. The good citizens of Paris had no liking for such guests. They rented odd holes and corners to them, infected lodgings, without air or light, and demanded such prices that the Pope and Saint Louis in indignation at their shameless exploitation set up a board of judges to fix rates of rental. But the speculators merely became more cunning, and their activities were scarcely checked. For want of timepieces, the students were wont to fall back on the sound of the bells in the nearby churches.

Even in winter the student got up between four and five o'clock in the morning. After his prayers he set out, carrying his carefully closed horn inkbottle in his girdle, holding his lantern in one hand and his *scriptionnal* in the other hand. A scriptionnal was a kind of little portable desk which was placed on the knees when its owner wanted to write, and consisted of two tablets between which were shut the parchment, pens, ruler, chalk, *plumbum*, or lead pencil, and the *scapellum*, or pen knife.

Along the narrow, crooked streets the theological students would go hurrying toward the rue de Sorbonne, and the students of the seven liberal arts would step out more noisily toward the rue de Fouarre.

The lecture-room was often no better than an ill-smelling stable. By the light of three or four candles one could see a stool for the professor, and on the bare ground a few heaps of straw for the students. At six o'clock, in his purple cassock or black robe with furred hood, the master would come in to lecture or dictate, the students having recourse to a feverish kind of shorthand in order to write down his words.

Ten o'clock was dinner time.

Près du tison, murmure un petit pot de terre,
Où nagent des pois secs, un oignon solitaire,
Des fèves, un poireau, maigre espoir d'un dîner.
Ici, cuire les mets, c'est les assaisonner.

(Hard by the glowing coals, murmurs an earthen pot,
With a lonely onion swimming, some withered peas — what not?
Some kidney beans, a leek — scant hope of hearty fare.
The cooking of the meal is all its seasoning there.)

Studies started again at one o'clock and went on until five. Back in their lodgings, the students would con the day's lesson in their notebooks, get some supper if they had anything to buy it with, and read if they had any books.

Still worse off were the students who, in order to get food, had to serve their richer comrades as valets, and wear their old clothes and cast-off shoes. Some of these could find work as domestics in convents; and as a last resort, when night had come and the lights were out, they would climb up to the bell tower of the church to learn by the inexpensive light of the moon. Clerks who wrote a good hand, whether it was Gothic or cursive, would make a little money in the libraries of the abbeys by copying out the precious

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books that were chained down to the reading-desks. But the silence that the monks required in their writing-cells was so hard on the students that they preferred to have recourse to prayer and to sprinkling holy water over the bodies of the dead in the hope of attracting the attention of some wealthy passers-by.

Finally, students of the same country, after their hunger had overcome their natural feeling of humiliation, would send out two or three companions with orders to go and beg their bread unashamed.

Les bons enfants, orrez crier:
Du pain! Mes veuil pas oublier!

(Good people all, hark to my cry:
Some bread, some bread! My wants supply!)

And so, wretched but proud, with a passion for learning that no disappointment could overcome, the students eked out a livelihood with their scant earnings, their economies, and what they could beg.

A TRUE WAR-STORY

BY RENÉ BRANQUART

[*The author of the following incident is a Belgian physician, famous for his gigantic stature and his ready wit throughout his native province, and even in Paris.*]

From *Le Figaro, December* 26
(PARIS RADICAL-PARTY DAILY)

AH, my dear fellow, that shell recalls the memory of the poor fellow who gave it to me after the Armistice, to thank me for my modest part in an adventure of which he had been one of the two heroes, in the opening days of the Great War. If you only knew what honest hands presented that to me.

Note the inscription on it: 'Souvenir of August 27, 1914.'

That day, when the streets of my little town were blocked with German soldiers, I received a visit from an individual 'dressed like four sous,' who timidly asked 'the favor of an audience,' which I naturally granted.

'Mossieu l' docteur,' he said with some hesitation, 'I am from Haine-Saint-Paul, where I was living with my wife, when I received orders to mobilize. I have been a prisoner of the Germans for four days in the neighborhood of Dinant, and have just escaped.'

His sad and gentle gaze of a poor, hunted beast touched my heart.

'Can I talk with you safely?'

'Yes. Yes, indeed. Come in. You are at home here. You run no risks. So you say you were in the Belgian Army and were made prisoner by the Germans in the battle of Dinant?'

'Yes, with a Turco-Français that they caught at the same time. We were tied by the wrists, by a long strip of leather that cut into the flesh, to a piece of artillery that we had to follow, running when it ran, galloping when it galloped, stopping when it stopped. Both of us, the Turco and I, were often beaten with the flat sides of their

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swords and the butts of their guns. They gave us a blow whenever they thought of it, Mossieu. And nothing to drink or to eat. That evening, the Boche column camped near Fosses, in the county of Namur. It drew its artillery up in a cut in a road that runs beside a cemetery. We were left tied to our gun, to pass the night standing.

'When the sentinel reached the end of his beat and turned his back on us for a moment, the Turco made a sign to me, and pointing to the pocket of his jacket whispered: 'Knife, here. Knife —' stopping abruptly when the sentinel turned, and swaying like a man who had fallen asleep standing. After great difficulty, I managed with my tied hands to get the little knife that the Germans had overlooked. Cautiously he cut the strips that held him. Then he stealthily grasped the brake handle of our gun. Holding it silently, he waited while the sentinel approached. As soon as the latter turned his back to us to repeat his beat, a frightful scene ensued.

'In the hands of the Turco the great steel bar made a quick half-turn, striking the sentinel on the helmet with such violence as to stun him. With the speed of lightning the Turco hurled himself at the throat of the unhappy soldier, and strangled him. With two quick slashes he then cut my bonds, and nimbly as an acrobat, without saying a word, leaped the wall and disappeared in the cemetery.

'I did the same. I jumped over, too. I could see him hopping from grave to grave. I followed and finally saw him climb the further wall. Then I heard him fall on the ground on the other side. I overtook him a little farther on, and we hastened on side by side for a time without saying a word. Then he whispered: "This goes better, old fellow. We can breathe now. But we must not let them pinch us again."

When the first flush of dawn appeared, we were crossing a turnip field. We pulled some and ate them, after washing them in a ditch, for we were ravenously hungry. It was the first bite of food either of us had had since the morning of the day before.

'Some fifty yards from us were two little huts. We waited. Finally the door opened and an old peasant came out, carrying two buckets. He passed without noticing us, and drew some water from a well a few yards from where we were lying. The Turco raised his head and said in a low voice: "Here, my good fellow."

'The man quickly turned, and his stolid, honest face reflected as much astonishment as it was capable of exhibiting.

'"Have you some old duds?"

'"What?"

'"Yes, old chap, we are escaped prisoners. If they catch us they will give us something for our cold."

'"Good, good. Just wait," said the old man, with an air of comprehension; and, by no means so calm as when he came out, he started away with his buckets. A few minutes later he returned with a bundle of mighty rough-looking garments, the kind of rags the poorest peasants wear; but I never saw clothes that looked better to me.

'We started off at a good rate toward Charleroi, when a man stopped us. "Hey, there, boys, I would advise you to stop right where you are."

'"Why so, sir?"

'"Because your boots give you away for soldiers. Come with me, and I will fix you up."

'We followed this good fellow, whose name I do not know, and whom I shall probably never see again. We left him our army boots, and started on shod in old but honest civilian shoes.

'"Where are we?" asked the Turco.

'"That is the town of Charleroi."

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'He suddenly stopped, pricked up his ears, and seemed to be meditating for a second. Then he pointed his finger in the direction from which we could hear cannonading.

'"French cannon, French cannon! Good-bye."

'And off he went, as fast as he could go, like a man who was afraid to get there too late, disappearing in the direction of the French cannon. Ah, but that was a man, Mossieu l'docteur!

'I stood undecided for a time as if I had lost something, and then decided to continue my route. Finally I got to the vicinity of Haine-Saint-Paul. It was a sore temptation. My wife and family were there. I was dying to tell them that I was alive and to give them my greetings. But it might be noticed, and if I should be captured again it would be all up with me. My heart was like lead. Then I happened to think that there was one man in the world who might prevent my being shot — you.'

'What is your name?'

'Eugène Motte, an ironworker.'

'Have you had anything to eat?'

'No, Mossieu. Except those turnips that I told you about, I have had nothing for four days.'

You can well imagine that I soon had food put before the poor fellow.

I hid him the best I could. He slept like a log, and the next day, rested and fed up, I took him with me. In fact, we treated ourselves to a glass of beer together in a café full of German officers, some of whom bowed to me because they knew me through my connection with the hospital. Then we left town, the German sentinel taking him for some poor, sick devil who had come to get some medicine.

So we walked down the road to a place where the enemy sentries could not see. Suddenly a thought came to me.

'Are you going to try to get to Antwerp and rejoin our army?'

'Yes, I hope to be there in two or three days.'

'If you are short, do not be bashful. I will do my best.'

'Thanks. It is unnecessary. I still have six or seven francs. That will be enough to get me back to my regiment.'

I watched him go down the road so self-reliant and undisturbed that I asked myself if this simple, modest, honest fellow really realized his own moral grandeur. When he was out of sight, I strolled back to the village, my mind busy with his future fortunes.

Some time after the Armistice, a man came into my office with a puzzling smile upon his face. He had a package wrapped in newspapers under his arm.

'*Bon jour, Mossieu l' docteur.*'

'Good morning, my friend. What good wind blows you here?'

'You do not recognize me. I am Eugène.'

'Ah, *sapristi!* Eugène Motte! Eh! What news?'

He related his experiences at the front. He had the same calm, untroubled voice that he had when he told me of his adventure with the Turco. He wound up his story thus:

'And to think that I came and hunted you up to escape being shot! What fools we were at the beginning of the war! Just the same, I have come to thank you, for you saved my life.'

When I tried to protest, and to say he exaggerated, he insisted with some show of emotion: 'Yes, Mossieu, I have said every week to M. le Docteur Stouffs at Nivelles, who was my military doctor and visited me every eight days: "If I live and can talk, I must thank Dr. Branquart." I beg you, Mossieu, do me the pleasure to accept this shell. I have decorated it especially for you and have engraved your initials on it.'

So you see, my lad, why I treasure the thing.

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CROCODILE HUNTING WITH THE MALAYS

BY R. G. B. FARRER

From the *National Review, January*
(London Conservative Monthly)

Along the western coast of the Malay Peninsula stretches a belt of alluvial swamp, only broken here and there by occasional patches of sandy shore. The whole area is intersected by innumerable tidal creeks and channels, which run through the twisted tangle jungle and vast stretches of evil-smelling mud, so that there is little wonder that crocodiles abound in all sizes and in astonishing numbers.

Naturally some places are better than others for crocodile shooting, but usually, wherever it is, the tide has to be at about full ebb toward the middle of the day to get the best value from the expedition.

It was on a day such as this that I arranged with an old Malay to take his dugout, and to see what could be done. We started off at 7 A.M. and drifted down with the current and the tide, threading our way through countless channels, until the sun was well up and beginning to get uncomfortably warm. The mud flats had begun to show themselves. Still there were no crocodiles, as far as I could see, and yet I had a pair of field glasses, which were in continual use.

Suddenly, however, we rounded a sharp bend in a small creek, and I was assured that there was a croc lying under a tree not ten yards away. If I was urged to shoot once, I was urged twenty times, but as I failed to see anything I refused to shoot. Finally the noise of the admonitions grew to such an extent that the croc woke up, and lost no time in making for the water. I had just time to fire. True the croc rolled over, but he also rolled into the water with a noisy splash and we never saw him again; so whether I hit him, or whether he lost his balance from excessive speed and fright, I shall never know.

It was no good waiting, so we went on, and shortly afterward came across a larger croc sleeping on a log. I did see this one and fired, catching him fairly in the head. All that happened was that the croc snapped once with his jaws, and toppling off the log slithered into the water.

After five hours' going we had met and severely tickled five crocodiles, the biggest of which must have been about nine feet. By this time it was remarkably hot, so we decided to pole our way up a diminutive creek to a place where from time to time crocodiles were in the habit of making their nests.

Presently we came to the place, and were lucky enough to find a nest in a clump of rank grass situated just above high-water mark. Mother Croc was n't there, but in the nest were thirteen whitish eggs, each rather bigger and longer than that of a hen. The place was well hidden and smeared with mud, which the mother crocodile is said to splash over the nest each day, in order to prevent damage on account of the excessive heat of the sun. We took the eggs; and as the spot was n't particularly pleasant in any way, we poled our way out and started for home, since we reckoned we could not now get back much before dusk. By this time the tide had turned and we saw no more

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crocodiles except one old fellow, who was lazily paddling about some hundred yards or more away, at too great a distance for a shot gun to compete with.

On our return route there was a curious place where some Chinese had built their houses overhanging the water, and there we knew could usually be found evidence of an extra large crocodile, credited with the death of one man, and the theft of two legs and an arm from other incautious passers-by at various times. I had never seen him, for, though I had tried, the nearest I had got was just in time to see a swirl in the water, after he had slipped down from the bank and glided into the river out of harm's way. His tracks, however, were very broad indeed, and it seemed as if for once report was correct, and that he was really a big brute.

In due course we arrived at the place, and saw a small crowd grouped together on the bank, discussing something with the vehemence and noise of an average political meeting. Our approach did not disperse the Chinese, for such the crowd proved to be; and we found that the cause of the trouble was the crocodile, which a few minutes before had seized a Chinese woodcutter by the leg, and had bitten it off just above the knee. The man's friends had pulled the body back out of the way of further attacks, for the unfortunate man was dead; but the discussion was not about the wickedness of the croc, or making plans for destroying him, but about who should take the corpse to the police station, always an unpopular job, for it involves the wasting of a day, since the nearest magistrate is bound to hold an inquiry into the cause of the man's death.

That knotty problem was eventually settled, but in the meantime we had paddled upstream for a few hundred yards, hoping that if we floated down quietly we might get in a shot at the crocodile, who was almost certain to come up to the surface to see what the effects of his marauding were likely to be.

As we came near the place, sure enough there he was crawling up the bank, which at this point was very steep and covered with dead branches and undergrowth. We stopped the dugout and watched him, and as he seemed perfectly at peace with the world and unsuspecting of harm, we carefully steered closer and closer, until we managed to get within seven or eight feet. The back of his head only was clearly visible, and so I fired at that. There was no result apparently, and as the crocodile was still there and still in the same position, I fired again. Again there was no movement, so we became bolder, and went up close to find that he was stone dead, both bullets having gone in close together, severing his spine.

He was n't very long, some ten feet only, because he had little or no tail; and in consequence, from the Malay point of view, he was a very unremunerative bag. All the same he was a nasty brute and had a horrible set of teeth, which with his long and broad head and yellow eyes gave him a peculiarly wicked appearance. It took four of us to drag him up the bank, and then to the houses of the Chinese, who were amused rather than pleased to see him dead. The chief reason for their amusement was the thought that the dead man had had a mighty narrow squeak of being buried without his leg. Now, however, they considered that he would have nothing to grumble at in the next world, or anyhow only a trifle, because he would arrive intact, and have continued use of both his legs.

Presently the crocodile was cut open, but apart from two dog licenses, a piece of iron, and several fish, there was

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nothing to be found. Then only were the Chinese annoyed and angry with the croc, and at the same time delighted to see him dead; for if he had been anything of a gentleman at all, they felt, he would n't have inflicted such an everlasting handicap on a poor inoffensive woodcutter. We also came in for a share of the blame for shooting the croc before he had had time to eat the leg, and it was generally considered that we had been a little too interfering in the matter, and might well have delayed our activities sufficiently long to have avoided this last supreme catastrophe.

Not long afterward I got word that at another small Chinese settlement, on the banks of a tidal channel, the very father of all crocodiles himself had turned up, and had celebrated his arrival by taking two Chinese boys about ten years old. These boys, with their usual utter disregard for possibilities, had been bathing in the river, and the crocodile had had no difficulty in taking one, returning a week or so later to take a second, and would probably have returned again to take a third, since it never apparently occurred to the Chinese to refrain from bathing at that particular place.

Accordingly, having fixed up a Malay and his dugout, I set off one Saturday afternoon to see if luck would favor me, and if I could meet this vicious individual. I had started as early as I could, but it was 3 P.M. before we floated past the place, which was an island some two or three hundred yards long, an impassable swamp except for a few square yards where the Chinese actually lived. The swamp, as usual, was a mass of mangrove, rising with entangled roots straight out of a litter of dead branches and flotsam, which covered the black and evil-smelling mud.

We had passed down the channel and were nearly abreast of a patch of dead wood, when suddenly there was a surge and swirl. I had just time to see the tail of our friend disappearing into the water. I had no time to shoot, so we floated down, and then turned up the other channel.

Nothing happened until we started to go down stream again. Then it was I who spotted the croc in a bunch of branches some fifty or sixty yards ahead. We tried to get closer, but seeing him lift his head I decided to try my luck at once. As I raised my gun, almost simultaneously he made for the water, so I had to take a snap shot at a range too far to do any serious damage except by a fluke. However, the bullet went pretty true on the whole, for it landed fair and square just under the back of his skull. It did not hit, but made an enormous hole in the mud; and the proximity of my bullet sent the croc tail over head into the water, creating a small tidal wave.

He came up again almost at once, probably having in his fright forgotten to lay in a stock of air, or whatever they exist on under water. I greeted him with a round of buckshot, which caused more disturbances, for he dived and swished his tail with enormous force two or three times, before that too disappeared. Incidentally the tail disappeared a good deal quicker after the Malay, who was with me, had peppered it well with No. 6 shot.

That croc has never turned up in those parts since; it may be that that is due to unwholesome memories, or it may be that the belief is true which holds 'that a croc once wounded dies, because small fish and water grubs make the most of their opportunity to get their own back on a wounded enemy.' But, if that is true, it is hard to explain how a croc survives when his tail has been bitten off in his youth by a hungry uncle!

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There is, however, a far more exciting way of dealing with crocs; but I have only found two Malays who are any good at it — and that is by fishing. The easiest results can be had in old mining-holes, some distance from the sea, in which a croc has taken up his abode. There hooks can be set at any odd time; but in the tidal waters the currents and the state of the tide have to be taken into consideration. For when a croc gets hooked, he will go miles if the tide is strong; but if there should be no tide, he will not go far either up or down stream.

This much I was told beforehand; so, having waited nearly three weeks for a propitious day, off we went with a supply of hooks, rotans, and evil-smelling bait. The hooks are bits of iron, either curved at one end or perfectly straight, and measuring about one and a half feet in length. Both ends are sharpened, and in the centre is an eyehole for the line to be fastened to. The line itself is a rotan twenty or thirty feet long, attached to a length of unraveled cord, which in turn is fastened to the hook, baited with a deceased hen — usually very deceased — or a bit of putrifying monkey. The bait is lashed to the hook by means of sliced rotan or fibre, and the whole is then placed on a slab of wood-pulp anchored by a thin string to some overhanging twig. The rotan line is left stretched out among adjacent branches and is not attached to anything. A small piece of the bait is allowed to dangle in the water, so that the croc may have no difficulty in locating a trifle rendered peculiarly savory by the heat of a day or two.

On the first occasion that we tried, we set four hooks one evening along the edge of a small tidal creek, where the bank showed undoubted signs of crocodiles. The next day, on coming down to investigate, we found that some rascal had stolen the lot, so we did n't try there again. That same evening we tried another place, setting eight hooks, arranging to come the next evening to see what had happened. On turning up we found that the first bait had not been touched, nor the second. The third, however, had been taken, and so it turned out had three others.

We started to look round for the rotan lines, which, floating on the surface of the water, make it easy to locate the croc which has eaten up the bait. After about half an hour's search we found all four lines in one small backwater; so, after clearing for action, we approached and caught hold of one, hauling in the slack. As soon as the line was taut we gave a good hard tug to make the hook bite deep into the stomach of the croc, thereby at once waking him up, and preventing him from disgorging what he must have soon found to be an unfortunate and indigestible choice in the way of a meal.

It did n't require two tugs to awaken him to activity, for immediately there was a rush and a swirl, and out he leaped from the water, snapping his jaws and swishing his tail violently. He was quite small, as it proved later only six feet and a bit; but he kicked up a fine old commotion with his tail, which struck the boat once, and almost upset our equilibrium. After that I was all for shooting, but was not allowed to do so, because I was told it was far more exciting to do the job another way. So we went on pulling at the rotan, each time causing an immense upheaval and enormous indignation, really not to be wondered at; for there are few things which would n't object if they had a length of iron in their stomach continually being tugged and heaved.

Once only he came up near the dug-out and snapped at us; and for that he got a whack on the head which must have made him dizzy, for when he came up again the Malay slipped a noose

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round his nose and made it fast. This really did wake him up again, and he was off like a flash downstream taking the line with him. We caught him up, however, and I was given a spear and told to shove it well into the brute's throat when his head was hauled over the side. I must admit I did n't like the idea at all; but by and by up came the head, exposing an expanse of white and scaly throat into which I plunged the spear. That was all right; but I had forgotten that the croc would n't take it lying down, so to speak. The result was that the croc lunged and was off; and I was nearly off too, because I had n't disengaged the spear.

In the general flurry I bethought me first of my own position, and, having righted that, discovered that croc and spear had gone overboard. I did n't get much praise for that; but when on the next appearance of the croc the spear was still in his neck and I managed to retrieve it, I overheard a remark not intended for me that I might n't be quite such a fool after all. The croc had by this time nearly passed out, so we hauled him aboard until his forelegs were over the side, and we strapped these together over his back. He had got beyond objecting, so we did the same to his hind legs, and then stowed him in the bottom of the boat, having first severed his spine to prevent any activity with his tail while we were dealing with the other three.

As we were returning to the place where the other three lines had been, we met one coming downstream and made haste to collar it. The first tug did n't have much effect beyond creating a swirl deep down in the water. The second pull produced the croc, practically entirely out of the water, snapping and swishing like a thing possessed. He dived under the boat, which was extremely awkward for us; and the next thing I saw was a gaping cavern and a nasty set of teeth unpleasantly near my end of the boat — some nine or ten inches, it seemed, but in reality it must have been as many feet. I was n't waiting for any finesse of spearing this time, but hurriedly fired a round of buckshot straight down his throat, which, if it had no other effect, at any rate made him shut his jaws and try somewhere else.

That croc gave us any amount of trouble, for he continually dived under the boat, bumping us severely with his tail, and for a considerable time we could do nothing with him. He seemed to be a big brute, but when dead he measured only nine feet. But it was nine feet of real downright wickedness. The Malays were all for spearing him, until one narrowly escaped being swished overboard by the croc's tail; and, as his mouth was not yet muzzled, the result was that I was given permission to shoot whenever an opportunity occurred, and the sooner the better.

At the next attack I loosed off a hurried round of ball at about three feet range and hit; but the bullet, ricochetting off the back of his head, did nothing more than to cause him to drench the lot of us. With the next shot, however, I was more successful, blowing out his throat, after which it was comparatively easy to deal with him as we had done with the former one, finally getting him trussed up in the bottom of the dugout. When we had finished, we decided we would rest a few minutes before tackling any fresh problems; and so, having lit cigarettes, we cut him open. There was nothing very interesting inside, except a collection of seven dog licenses and an undigested monkey. He was n't a gold mine, though he had put up quite a lively entertainment for the best part of half an hour.

He was as big a croc as it is safe to

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tackle from a dugout, for once they get to ten feet in length, or more, the chances are that they will rush at the boat and try to upset it, in which case I would sooner not be there. If, however, a big brute should be hooked, the safest thing to do is to retire to the bank, and continue proceedings from a place of safety. The only trouble is to find out in time what sort of croc has the bait.

After finishing off this one we returned to find the other two crocs. When we got to the place where they had been, we found that the previous battles must have disturbed them, because both had absconded. We looked round and found that apparently one had gone up the bank into the swamp, for there were fresh tracks where there had been none before. After great difficulty we got the dugout into a position from which we could clamber on to a tree root without testing the buoyancy of the mud, which is usually *nil* near the edge of the water.

From there it was a case of jumping and crawling from root to root in our endeavors to follow the track of this croc. He had gone about a quarter of a mile and was still going when we found the end of the rotan and pulled it hard. The croc had been passing over one root and under the next so that pulling on the line had no effect, and there was nothing for it but to follow up and shoot. This we did, slipping and sliding all over the place, sometimes coming to rest in mud and sometimes in thorns, both equally unpleasant and equally ruinous to clothes. However, in five or ten minutes we got to the croc, and finished him off.

He was only a small one, five feet long, and gave no trouble except when we tried to get his carcass into the boat. It had been hard enough walking before, but, with a dead weight to carry, it was ten times more so, and by the time this job was over I had no wish for further exercise that day; even confessing to being thoroughly pleased that in the short time left to us before dark we could not find the last of the bunch. Where he went to we never discovered, but perhaps he followed his brother's example, going off into the swamp in the desire to leave the pestering rotan behind.

Often crocs go considerable distances overland, and make their homes in old disused mining-holes long since filled with water. There they take anything that comes along, from a Tamil washing his one and only square foot of loin-cloth to an incautious goat. There was one croc that I tried for time and again for almost a month; but if my line was n't stolen a turtle came and ate the bait, so that in the end I had nothing to show. However, the croc himself made good the deficiency, because in a tour of exploring he got stuck in a culvert, and could do little inside the brickwork but grunt like a dyspeptic cow, swishing his tail violently about outside. It took some time to get that tail securely fastened between two poles, but once that was done we were able to dislodge the gentleman.

The moment he was free he tried to bite everyone and everything; but beyond a few inoffensive roots he did n't have much success, for everyone had taken the fullest precautions to keep well out of the fiend's way. After a time we got a noose over his snout, when he was a bit out of breath after a peculiarly vicious rush, and soon had his sole remaining business end effectively gagged.

On the whole there are far worse ways of spending a few vacant hours than by fishing for crocodiles, for though they do not often get away once they are hooked, yet the fight they put up, and the sneaking thought of possibilities until their jaws are tied up, should be exciting enough for anybody.

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THE NATIONAL VALUE OF LATIN TEACHING

BY J. REGNAULT

From *La Revue Mondiale, January* 15
(CURRENT-AFFAIRS FORTNIGHTLY)

ALTHOUGH it is a dead language, Latin has always maintained its place in the curriculum. If we may believe teachers of all countries and every epoch, it offers excellent mental training and is indispensable to any degree of intellectual culture. No doubt the claim that Latin is the only subject that teaches one to write has been given up, for too many well-known authors have been totally ignorant of it. But people still insist that it favors the acquisition of a good style.

On the other hand, all through the centuries there have been eminent men who denied its value. Some, like Rabelais, Ramus, Montaigne, Milton, Descartes, Rollin, and Victor Hugo, have criticized the bad methods employed in Latin teaching. Others, like Erasmus, have rebelled against its preponderant place among other subjects, and some, like Malherbe and La Chalotais, have even insisted that it is of no cultural value. Its critics regard the Latin language as merely an indulgence to that frame of mind which despises everything modern. We are in a less degree like the Buddhist monks who read their holy books, written in an ancient language, without understanding them at all, or like the Mussulmans who spell out the Koran, which is written in an unchanging Arabic, without catching its meaning. Or we are like those devotees who follow the Mass without understanding what they read in their breviary.

We shall not reproduce here all the arguments of these embattled parties, nor shall we take part in these interminable discussions. Rather we shall take another view, that of the student of nationality, who has studied the differing systems of education among various peoples, who has discovered relations undreamed of by the pedagogue and sees all sides of the problem, even though he has no definite solution to give.

It is hard to teach a dead language properly. The whole world to-day is in agreement: to understand a language you have to begin by speaking it. So the child stammers its mother tongue from the cradle. The grown-up who seeks to learn a living language goes either to the land where it is spoken, or, if he cannot do that, to a Berlitz school, where he speedily procures a supply of some hundreds of words and a number of simple phrases sufficient for the needs of daily life. Our grandfathers did the same with Latin. They had to learn to speak it, to read it, and to write it. It was the language of educated people, to them a sort of Esperanto. No matter whether they contented themselves, as did the people of the Middle Ages, with a kind of kitchen Latin, or whether they strove to give it correctness and beauty, as did the people of the Renaissance, at least they taught it to the child in the cradle simultaneously with its native language. And, as everyone knows, this state of affairs continued in France until the Revolution.

Slowly Latin gave place to the French language in Civil Law, in the courts,

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and in government offices. Finally, after 1789, even the scientists ceased to employ it as an international language. To-day it is of practical use only in a few professions, especially to historians, who have to read old documents, to jurists, who plumb the depths of Roman Law, or to churchmen, for the permanence of the sacred language is necessary to a religion that remains almost the only stable element in a society perpetually in the throes of change.

Since hardly anybody speaks Latin any more, no one endeavors to secure more than a reading knowledge — a state of affairs that greatly increases the difficulty of teaching. Teachers should make every effort from their very first lessons to teach Latin to the children; but how can they when they have never learned it themselves? For lack of this indispensable preparation the child exhausts his energy in the effort to understand the text.

It does n't matter, proclaim the Latinists, if he is sufficiently rewarded in another way. If we may believe them, Latin has educational values that no other language possesses. For, they say, the Latin language, being concrete, is adapted to the child mind, which deals with concrete ideas. By translating Latin, the student becomes accustomed to transcribing his ideas from the concrete to the abstract. But the French that the child first utters is just as concrete as the patois of the peasants or the languages of savages. Slowly and painfully he trains himself to speak correctly, and to know French — of all languages the most abstract — through and through. There is no need of Latin to aid in this transformation, which is the work of a mental evolution.

Or else, the Latinists say, Latin is like French, which is derived from it. To know it is to understand our own language better. But classic Latin differs a great deal from French. It was the language of a handful of aristocrats, drowned out in an ocean of plebeians and slaves who spoke a very different jargon. French came from the dialect of the latter. More and more, as it has gone on evolving, it has separated from its original source. The feeling of the French language is not that of Latin. Its grammatical forms, its turns of phrase, its periods, are different; and so Latin as a means of training may even be dangerous. There are those who, using it at an age when the brain is plastic, develop an inexact, obscure style with long, heavy, and involved periods. They are like those people who cannot live even a few weeks in one of our provinces without picking up its accent and its local peculiarities. The Romans themselves understood the danger of giving too much attention to the study of a foreign language.

'Learn Greek,' said Quintilian, 'but not too much Greek; for you get used to forms of language vicious in themselves in a different idiom, and have to go to all the trouble of weeding them out.' Let us not, therefore, abuse the Latin humanities, but let us set right the thoughts of the French humanists.

Other partisans admit frankly that the structure of Latin differs profoundly from French. That very fact establishes its educative value. Learning Latin is not a matter of learning a language. It is a matter of analysis and reasoning. Thanks to the declensions and conjugations, to the severe construction, so different from our own, each phrase becomes a problem for the student to solve, like problems in geometry or arithmetic. The only difference is that the material of the problem is moral and not physical.

It is an excellent form of mental gymnastics, no doubt, and yet there is a stumblingblock. In his translations, aided by the study of grammar, by the

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analysis of texts, and finally by exercise on themes in narration and even in verse-making, the child picks up Latin thought. But the ancients thought like rhetoricians. They practised dialectics, they juggled with syllogisms till they verged on sophistry; and if we deal with them entirely our mind takes on their mould. We begin to think that we shall learn the truth by a priori reasoning, and we take this kind of reasoning for reason itself. Only the physical, chemical, and biological sciences can give the critical observation, the exact analysis of the facts and constant control of theory by the evidence of the senses. These are things that the ancients almost entirely ignored. And if we may judge our contemporaries by their writings, most of them seem to be doing the same thing. To avoid this difficulty it is only necessary that we should not teach Latin exclusively, but that we should link it up with physical and natural sciences.

Others say the study of the masterpieces of Latin literature will develop artistic taste. To that there are several objections.

Although in some children artistic taste appears very early, it more frequently develops only with the coming of adolescence, that is to say, at about fifteen or sixteen years of age. The majority of students would not appreciate the beauties of Latin until that age, even if they were capable of it. Now Pestalozzi showed long ago that it is essential to adapt instruction to the mental development of the child himself. It is our failure to observe this maxim that causes our children to make such slow progress in their studies. Their studies bore them. The result is that we see young people who have taken up Latin late in their courses catch up in a year with their mates who have been at it for several years.

After all, the beauties that the average man can discover in a language that has been dead for centuries are very few. No doubt he understands the rhythm and the cadence of the verse, which are produced by the regular alternation of long and short syllables, and he even catches the harmony of the periods in prose. But he cannot feel the music of the words, for nobody knows how the Romans pronounced the language of their songs. No doubt he admires the feelings that the Latin authors express. They are human and therefore they belong to all time. But he is ordinarily ignorant of the beliefs to which they are due, and he tends to liken them to his own. He tends to see the ancients through his own mentality and to fashion them in his own image. So Corneille and Racine, in their tragedies, which were imitations of antiquity, tried to make their characters talk like the gentlemen of the court, and during the Revolution the Jacobins would put their own doctrines into the mouths of the heroes of antiquity.

Only in the nineteenth century did the development of criticism permit us to guess at the abyss that separates us from antiquity. A book like Fustel de Coulanges's *La Cité Antique* was a revelation to many a man. The progress of historical studies does not give us greater satisfaction. Comparison with the religion, the castes, the constitution of the family, with other peoples, gives us at length a glimpse of Roman mentality, with its superstitions, its morality, its prejudices, all so different from our own. And studies like this are far from being finished. Only when they are shall we arrive at a complete comprehension of the ancient authors, and only then shall we be able to admire them by understanding the causes that produced them. Even then it will only be advanced students who will be able

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to attain this insight through prolonged historical studies. Latin ought not to be taught until very late, as one of the last studies.

No doubt we ought to combine scientific and literary studies. But why should we fall back on Latin for a literary study? There are equivalents. The good French authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would serve well enough. The construction of their phrases is clear, severe, and different enough from the French of our own day.

Let us study our own language before anything else. Let our humanities be French first of all. Then we shall readily be able to adapt the difficulty to the abilities of the child. The writers whom he will appreciate most easily are his contemporaries, saturated with the life of the same age as himself. If we wish to avoid difficulties, we may begin his literary education with selections from these authors, and we can go farther back into time. The farther literature is from our own time the more difficult it is to understand it completely. Students often have little taste enough for Molière, Racine, and Corneille, still less for the authors of the fifteenth century. The ancient authors will thus become the crown of the classical studies for a few specialists, instead of affording the initiation to them for the general run of students.

Like its own advocates, we have considered literary education from a narrow standpoint. We must now attack it in its larger aspects. We must investigate the place that it ought to occupy in the whole educational scheme. There are two kinds of instruction — scientific and literary. The first includes mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, not to mention history and geography, which are taught by literary men even though they are sciences. The other includes French, modern languages, and dead languages. There are also drawing, music, technical arts, and many other subjects that are generally left out. They are all useful, or if properly taught can furnish general ideas, methods of work, and guides for better thinking. How can we relate them and in what proportions?

We have struggled with this subject for a long time, and many a time the opposing discourses of the poet Lamartine and the scientist Arago at the Parlement of 1837 have been reëdited. So long as we have no means of knowing the results that these subjects give when taught, separately or in this arrangement, we must argue without any basis. Now in France, our state education is uniform. It is the same for all classes in all the lycées. The slightest change constitutes a revolution. If the lycées were independent, they would become experiments on a small scale; and so by a series of trials and errors we should discover, not the best method of teaching, — there is none, — but the one best adapted to the French mind in the twentieth century. The State is unable to use the only effective method for finding truth — experiment. And even if it had discovered this truth, another element would have to be considered — the varying temperaments and the varied character of the students.

Suppose we admit that Latin is the best mental exercise. Even so that exercise would not be suited to all. Among school children some attack all their lessons without distinction, often in a mediocre way, rarely brilliantly. There are some who have neither the taste nor the fitness for more than a single branch. Where this bent is sharply marked, it points the way to a vocation. Others are unsuited for certain subjects. We must then give predominance to the branch in which they succeed, and reduce, or in exceptional

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cases eliminate altogether, the subjects that they are incapable of learning.

The study of the capacities of the child is the last thing we think about, and so we condemn to a study of the dead languages those who are quite insensible to their beauties, and to the study of mathematics those who will never be able to understand it. There are students who are fascinated by biology yet are learning it only by fits and starts. There are some who have a taste for drawing who study it only one hour a week.

The various bachelors' degrees have to some slight degree altered this drawback. They do enable us to pay a little attention to the taste and capacities of the pupil. There is an effort to go back to the old-fashioned rigor. It is high time that the directors of our educational system adopt a little of what our fathers would have called 'a liberal spirit.'

BAD TEMPERS IN FICTION

BY 'PENGUIN'

From the *Observer, January* 14
(London Middle-Ground Liberal Weekly)

'"He won't — won't he? Then bring me my boots!" said the Baron.' This is the terrific opening of the fourth of the Ingoldsby Legends, and I have a lively recollection of how it impressed one youthful reader of the book with an expectation of something tremendous to follow — an expectation that was not lessened when he discovered that 'when the Baron called for his boots, everybody trembled and dreaded the worst.' The Baron accordingly presented himself to my mind when I thought of writing about ill-tempered characters in fiction, for there is no doubt that, though he was no great philosopher, the Baron would have agreed with Bacon's assertion that 'to seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of the Stoics.'

My next thought was to consult a dictionary of synonyms, where I found that 'choleric,' 'peppery,' 'irascible,' 'passionate,' 'testy,' and 'pettish' are among the epithets that it is permissible to apply to an ill-tempered man (or woman). Let us search for some personages in fiction of whom these adjectives may be fairly used.

'Tough, sir, tough, and de-vilish sly,' was the description which Major Joseph Bagstock, in *Dombey and Son*, was fond of applying to himself. I submit, however, that the Major, 'with his complexion like a Stilton cheese, and his eyes like a prawn's,' might more fittingly be described as a choleric man. His treatment of his servant, 'the Native, who had no particular name, but answered to any vituperative epithet,' can be advanced in proof. The Major was always interrupting whatever he was doing in order to make sudden assaults on the Native.

Majors and Colonels, and, indeed, all military men, particularly those *en retraite*, are traditionally ill-tempered. But fiction does not seem to bear out

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this belief. Major Pendennis may have been a trifle testy at times, and Morgan may have had some justification when he complained of the 'damns and cusses' the Major had given him along with his wages. Still, ill-temper was not a distinguishing characteristic of Major Pendennis. Major Waddell, in Miss Ferrier's *The Inheritance*, though he, too, had served in India, was remarkable for his lamblike meekness. Lever's Major Monsoon, if he was far from rivaling Major Waddell, could not be classed as choleric, while the tremendous Major Gahagan, and the much-married Major O'Dowd, are two other Majors who belie the traditional belief. Major O'Dowd, who 'had paid for every step in his profession by some more than equivalent act of daring and gallantry, was the most modest, silent, sheep-faced, and meek of little men, and was as obedient to his wife as if he were her tay-boy. . . . The hottest of suns had never heated his temper, and the Walcheren ague never shook it.'

Colonels are, of course, allowed to give more rein to their tempers than Majors, but I triumphantly point to Colonel Newcome as an example that tells heavily against the traditional belief. And Major O'Dowd was for some years of his life a Colonel. I approach Generals with more caution. General Baynes, in *The Adventures of Philip*, may, however, be adduced as on my side. 'In action one of the bravest men, in common life General Baynes was timorous and weak. Specially he was afraid of Mrs. General Baynes, who ruled him with vigorous authority. . . . He was not uncheerful at times; a silent man, liking his rubber and his glass of wine; a very weak person in the common affairs of life, as his best friends must own; but, as I have heard, a very tiger in action.' General Sir Thomas De Boots, K.C.B., can be brought forward on the other side. Sir Thomas was undeniably choleric, but his explosions of anger were of the right sort, and we are on his side when, after telling Barnes Newcome what he feels, 'the indignant General walked away gobbling and red.'

For a character in fiction to whom the word 'passionate' could be emphatically applied, it would be difficult to find a rival for Boythorn, in *Bleak House*. He was modeled, as everybody knows, after Walter Savage Landor, and some of his qualities resembled very closely those of his original.

To compress those characters in fiction who display the various forms of ill-temper, is not so easy as it seems. Squire Western could hardly be refused admission into the list. Morgan, in *Roderick Random*, demands a place, and Commodore Trunnion, in *Peregrine Pickle*, would force an entry if it were denied him. Mrs. Joe Gargery, in *Great Expectations*, and Mrs. MacStinger, in *Dombey and Son*, are sure to occur to the minds of many readers, while old Osborne, in *Vanity Fair*, who thought that to kick a footman downstairs was a hint to leave his service, cannot in fairness be omitted. Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in *Rob Roy*, was a testy man, and, if space permitted, I could quote some episodes in the life of Maid Marian's father, in Peacock's novel, as well as in those of Duncan of Knockdunder, in *The Heart of Midlothian*, and of Alan Breck, in *Kidnapped*, which illustrate how hot temper may display itself in different ways.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SAXON SONG

BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST

[*Georgian Poetry*, 1920–22]

Tools with the comely names,
Mattock and scythe and spade,
Couth and bitter as flames
Clean and bowed in the blade —
A man and his tools make a man and his trade.

Breadth of the English shires,
Hummock and kame and mead,
Tang of the reeking byres,
Land of the English breed —
A man and his land make a man and his creed.

Leisurely flocks and herds,
Cool-eyed cattle that come
Mildly to wonted words,
Swine that in orchards roam —
A man and his beasts make a man and his home.

Children sturdy and flaxen,
Shouting in brotherly strife,
Like the land they are Saxon,
Sons of a man and his wife —
For a man and his loves make a man and his life.

WASTED HOURS

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Georgian Poetry*, 1920–22]

How many buds in this warm light
Have burst out laughing into leaves!
And shall a day like this be gone
Before I seek the wood that holds
The richest music known?

Too many times have nightingales
Wasted their passion on my sleep,
And brought repentance soon;
But this one night I'll seek the woods,
The nightingale, and moon.

RIDERS

BY L. M. PRIEST

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Up the long hill beneath the night,
I heard their trampling horses press;
I saw a hundred torches light
Their way with day's own loveliness.

With ringing hoof and glint of steel
Each rider passed and galloped on;
I watched the thievish forest steal
Them one by one till all were gone.

But still for me their beauty gleams
Up that dark hill by which they came,
And all the pathways of my dreams
Are tossing with their torches' flame.

LITTLE THINGS

BY JAMES STEPHENS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Little things that run and quail
And die in silence and despair;

Little things that fight and fail
And fall on earth and sea and air;

All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer.

As we forgive those done to us,
The lamb, the linnet, and the hare, . .

Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures everywhere.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE CHRONOLOGY OF PICKWICK

In the January number of the *Dickensian*, Mr. Archibald S. Bennett endeavors to improve upon the chronology of the *Pickwick Papers* as originally established by Percy Fitzgerald in 1891 in his book, *The History of Pickwick*. It is amazing to find how complete a time-table of the wanderings of the Pickwick Club can be built up out of casual remarks by Mr. Pickwick and the others, the date of the file of the *Eatanswill Gazette* with which Mr. Pott entertains Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Jingle's account of his adventures, and by deductions therefrom. The last three furnish data not altogether acceptable to the compilers, for they are hopelessly irreconcilable with the other data and show that Dickens himself was a bit mixed in his chronology.

The story opens on May 12, 1827, when the assembled members of the Pickwick Club authorize the Corresponding Society to travel at their expense. The dispute with the cabman and the timely aid of Jingle occur on the following day; but during the course of the journey that follows Jingle regales the club with an account of his exploits during the 'Revolution of July' — 1830! Mr. Alfred Jingle, it may be objected, was not remarkable for veracity; but even he could hardly describe events three years in the future.

After the meeting of the club, date follows date with sufficient smoothness until the arrival at Eatanswill, which took place on May 30, according to Mr. Bennett, and the day before, according to the earlier writer. At Eatanswill Mr. Pott reads the file of the *Gazette* for 1828 — which, in 1827, would have been too great a feat even for that talented journalist or for his critic, who specialized in Chinese metaphysics. During the stay at Eatanswill there is some doubt as to exact dates, but no great possibility for error, and a remark of Mr. Wardle's fixes the date of the Pickwickian's visit to him. Mr. Pickwick wishes to set out for London, but his host objects: 'You 're too lame.' 'Well, then, next day.' 'No,' says Mr. Wardle, 'next day is the first of September, and you 're pledged to ride out as far as Sir Geoffrey Manning's grounds.' 'Well, then, the day after, Thursday' — but here Mr. Pickwick reveals a sad carelessness, for September 2, 1827, fell on Sunday.

The exposure of Jingle occurs in September, and Sam's first acquaintance with Mr. Stiggins and his advice to Weller père — 'pison his rum and water' — seem to fall in December — such, at least, is Mr. Bennett's opinion. Christmas fixes the date of the next visit to Dingley Dell, and since Christmas 1827 fell on Tuesday, Bob Sawyer's invitation for 'Thursday fortnight' brought the Pickwickians back to London on January 10.

The dates of the two authorities now run along harmoniously until the latter part of July 1828, which includes such momentous events as the call by Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, and the medical students on Mr. Winkle Senior, and the demise of the second Mrs. Weller. After this there is disagreement. The Fitzgerald book would bring the story to an end in August, while Mr. Bennett advocates a 'jump' that would end it in October, thus justifying Mr. Pickwick's speech at the final dinner, in which he pro-

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claims that he will 'never regret having devoted the *greater part of two years* to mixing with different varieties and shades of human character.'

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'HOWLERS' OF THE BRITISH SCHOOLBOY

THE *University Correspondent*, a British journal much read in academic circles, holds an annual 'howler competition,' in which the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses of the British Isles are invited to enter the most egregious and at the same time most amusing blunders perpetrated by their charges during the year. Dismal though the year 1922 may have been to business men, economists, and lovers of world peace, it was at least amusing to the teacher.

As even the *Times* condescends to observe, 'the translations of Smith minor from the dead languages are always fruitful.' Fruitful indeed! There was an American schoolboy once who transformed a calm state of mind into a charge of cavalry — *equitatus* for *æquanimitas*, plus a little guesswork; but the humble efforts of that guileless and unstudious youth are surpassed by those of his British brother. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* — 'there 's nothing but bones in the dead' — translates the youthful Briton gayly; and then, recollecting newspaper talk of the moment, goes on to a further triumph: '*Ne plus ultra* — there 's nothing beyond Ulster.'

Under that vaguest of categories, 'miscellaneous information,' are some excellent samples. 'A grass widow,' we learn, 'is the wife of a dead vegetarian,' and 'ambiguity is telling the truth when you don't mean to.' Great Britain, too, has 'a temporary climate' — but then, so has Boston.

Here are some priceless gems: —

Palsy is a kind of new writer's dance.

Letters in sloping print are hysterics.

Etiquette is the noise you make when you sneeze.

The capital of Norway is Christianity.

No one has yet succeeded in edifying the dark lady of the sonnets.

The French Revolution was won violently, not by 'freedom slowly broadening down from President to President,' as Tennyson wrote.

Guy's Hospital was built to commemorate the Gunpowder Plot.

Oceania is that continent which contains no land.

Mephistopheles was a Greek comic poet.

Anyone who ever had trouble with geometry will appreciate the direct simplicity of the mathematician who wrote: 'Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else' — a rule which, if generally adopted, would vastly simplify mathematical reasoning. Not quite so appealing and assuredly not half so useful is the definition of a circle as 'a rounded figure made up of a crooked straight line bent so as the ends meet.'

One 'howler' offers an addition to English grammar that cannot be adopted too soon: 'The plural of forget-me-not is forget-us-not.'

✽

THE FASCISTI AS LITERARY CENSORS

A FASCISTI literary organization has been formed in Milan with the avowed intention of adapting to literary criticism the strong-arm methods that have proved so successful in politics. The organizers intend to attack those Italian writers who pander to the taste for immoral literature, and avow their intention of cleansing Italian literature, not to mention Italian art.

A new literary paper, the *Giornale di Poesia*, has been chosen as the organ of the movement. And Signor Guido Da Varona is one of the first objects of the reformers' attention. The literary Fascisti have also laid a ban on books

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and plays from abroad that do not meet their moral standards, and are advocating import duties on books of this character which shall be so high as practically to prevent importation. Not content with attacking the authors, they announce their intention of opening hostilities upon critics who are too lenient to authors who appear immoral in the eyes of these very puritanic Fascisti.

'LUCIO' AND THE WEATHER BUREAU

THE vagaries of weather bureaus have long been theme for jest and fury. Enter, now, 'Lucio,' of the *Manchester Guardian*, who declines to be furious and is merely sad as he surveys statistical analysis of the weather for 1922. Statistics are enough to sadden anyone; and statistics plus weather report — words fail! Let 'Lucio' supply them: —

SAFETY FIRST

[*Being the reflections of a disappointed holiday-maker of 1922 on gathering, from a professional survey of the subject, that the strict facts and figures demonstrate that last year's weather was on the whole a good deal better than has been popularly supposed.*]

When we blamed your weather scheme,
'22,
Our impression, it would seem,
Was n't true:
We were premature, my lad —
And ungrateful, I must add —
When we said that you were bad
Through and through.

I, the singer, damned your rigors
Loud and long,
But it 's proved by facts and figures
I was wrong:
Oft I wailed your lack of graces,
Whereas 'Not so bad in places'
Would have been a better basis
For my song.

It was warm at Aberdeen,
So they say,
And at Banff the sun was seen
During May.

And the deluges of Lent
No new records represent,
Nor were Wigan and Chowbent
Washed away.

So in future years of gloom
I 'll retire,
Keeping warm within my room
By the fire,
And postpone my year's vacation
Till this skilled investigation
Has supplied the information
I require.

Last July the wind and rain
Proved a snare,
But I 'll not be caught again,
I declare!
Safe behind my front door scraper
I shall cut no active caper,
But enjoy the sun (on paper)
From my chair!

DUCTH EEL-BOATS AT BILLINGSGATE

FOR nearly three centuries Dutch eel-boats, with brown, blunt bows, have lain off Billingsgate in London. Boats of the same type have certainly come up the Thames to this point for 250 years, and it seems probable that their presence there goes back to Shakespeare's time. Hollar, in his etching of London drawn during the reign of Charles II, shows them.

The age of the machine claims one more victim in these boats, which are now to be replaced by motor-craft, thus severing one more bond which links modern London to its earlier predecessor.

Various picturesque legends have grown up about the boats. According to one, Dutch seamen rendered material aid during the Great Fire of London, and as a reward were given the privilege of docking there so long as their mooring was never left empty, a condition which has been perfectly fulfilled through the centuries. According to another story, the privilege was given by an English king who had a

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fondness for eels, and made sure in this way that the supply would be kept up. Still another version, which is based on research, exists. According to this story, a Dutchman named Peter Moris erected a water-works near London Bridge in 1582; and he is supposed to have used the favor that he thus secured in influential places to obtain the mooring privileges for his companions.

For many years the eels were brought to London alive by transforming the holds of the ships into wells through which the sea water was allowed to pass freely. But by 1828 the Thames had already become so polluted that it was impossible to keep the eels alive all the way to Billingsgate, and conditions have steadily grown worse since then.

✽

BEAUTIFUL WORDS AND UGLY ONES

'THAT blessed word Mesopotamia' has several rivals in the eyes of a writer in the London *Daily Herald*, a militant organ of the Labor Party which is nevertheless able to abandon denunciation of the present economic order occasionally to consider literature and similar frivolities. This is a list of what may appropriately be referred to as 'the beautiful and the damned': —

What are the most beautiful, what the ugliest words in the English language — just the sound of them, I mean, without taking meaning into consideration? Here 's my list. Monosyllables — *Beautiful:* Rome, mourn. *Ugly:* Jag, gulch. Two syllables — *Beautiful:* Truly, thunder. *Ugly:* Budded, Oxford. More than two syllables — *Beautiful:* Pellucidly, Rosalind. *Ugly:* Ipecacuanha, Giggleswick. But [adds the writer] I'm open to conviction.

BERNARD SHAW ON CHRISTMAS

A QUAINT and characteristic tale of Bernard Shaw comes from Tokyo. Mr. Robert Nichols, the young English poet who went to Japan as a teacher of English and found to his amazement that *Arms and the Man* was on the bill at a Tokyo theatre, is responsible for the story, which he prints in the *Japan Advertiser*. One Christmastide, says Mr. Nichols, the dramatist, 'finding himself once more faced with the inevitable, distributed the greetings of the season among his friends in this wise: —

COURAGE FRIEND!
We all loathe CHRISTMAS but it
COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR
and is soon over
Yours undespondingly
G. B. S.

✽

ANGLO-IRISH AMENITIES

NOT long ago we printed a note describing 'A Friendly Franco-German Incident.' We clip from the London *Observer* a similar occurrence involving two lands where feeling is, alas, almost as bitter: —

The British signatories to the Treaty have done a graceful thing in acquiring Paul Henry's crayon drawing of Arthur Griffith's profile as he lay dead, and in presenting it to Ireland for the National Portrait Gallery — where it will rank for interest along with Sir Frederick Burton's similar study of Clarence Mangan. Two great Irish writers — and strength as plainly marked on the one head as weakness on the other.

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BOOKS ABROAD

'The Harm of Teaching Children,' by William Robb. London: Gay and Hancock, 1923. *5s.*

[*Sunday Times*]

In an unpretentious little volume Mr. William Robb, one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools for the County of Lanarkshire, has collected a number of meditations upon the subject of educating the young. Even more delightfully has he recorded some of the things learned from children, and his recognition of his debt to Youth for much happiness.

The book is for the benefit of those parents, teachers, employers, and others who are brought into close touch with Youth. It aims to show them a little of the joy children carry with them, and to rescue them from that band of dullards who wander without vision in a fair world of Youth.

Full of human sympathy and tolerance, wise and sensible, Mr. Robb's work should be widely read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested.

Legends of Our Lady Mary, the Perpetual Virgin and Her Mother Hanna. Translated from the Ethiopic Manuscripts collected by King Theodore at Makdala. By Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. London: Medici Society, 1922. *30s.*

[*Sunday Times*]

The history of these Ethiopic manuscripts, not all of them very ancient, is curious. It was the British army which in 1868 brought to England part of King Theodore's collection, and some 350 manuscripts were sent to the British Museum. Many others, however, seem to have been treated in a less official manner, and to-day are scattered about. Of private buyers the most enthusiastic was Lady Meux, one of whose treasures was a small quarto-volume containing the life of Hanna, mother of the Virgin Mary, which was illustrated with archaic Ethiopic pictures, and other shorter works belonging to the fifteenth century or later. These, with such other legends of the Virgin Mary as are known to exist in Ethiopic, are here translated by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, and they make up a collection of extraordinary interest.

The author's introduction is concise. After tracing the worship of the Virgin Mary in Egypt and the neighboring countries, he compares it with the cult of Isis. There are those who would predicate a common origin, but the details as shown here must go far to dispel any such idea. Almost the only point of resemblance, indeed, between the African goddess and Mary is to be found in the fact that both their graves are unknown.

Fourteen translations are here included, the chief being the Life of Hanna, with its many quaint plates. There are accounts of Mary by two Patriarchs of Alexandria, the story of her flight to Mount Lebanon, of her persecution by the priests, and of her death as told by Saint John, and, perhaps most interesting of all, a description of her visit to Paradise. There is no scholar better equipped for the work than Wallis Budge, and this book, richly embroidered as it is with colored plates, will be welcomed by all theological and antiquarian students.

Georgian Poetry, 1920–1922. London: The Poetry Bookshop, 1922. *6s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Georgian Poetry is now so nearly an established institution that it provokes the indignation of those who do not belong to it. Its editor is obliged this time to refuse the honors so inevitably thrust upon him and to protest that he is not a pundit or a pontiff, or even the President of the Royal Academy: that he is just a private individual who ten years ago thought he saw that the public wanted something which it had not got, tried to supply it, succeeded to some extent, as appears from the booksellers' returns, and has no complaint to make of those who do not want him, provided they do not interfere with those who do. He adds a word or two of what his aims have been:—

'Much admired modern work seems to me, in its lack of inspiration and its disregard of form, like gravy imitating lava. Its upholders may retort that much of the work which I prefer seems to them, in its lack of inspiration and its comparative finish, like tapioca imitating pearls. Either view — possibly both — may be right. I will only say that, with an occasional exception for some piece of rebelliousness or even levity which may have taken my fancy, I have tried to choose no verse but such as, in Wordsworth's phrase,

> The high and tender Muses shall accept
> With gracious smile, deliberately pleased.'

The Collected Essays and Addresses of Augustine Birrell. Three volumes. London: Dent, 1922. *31s. 6d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Mr. Birrell has collected in these three volumes all the papers contained in his six books

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of essays, of which the first, *Obiter Dicta*, appeared in 1884, and the last, *In the Name of the Bodleian*, in 1905. Five pieces are added which have before appeared in no collection. We are not sure that the idea of a uniform reprint was appropriate. 'We are seven,' said the original *Obiter Dicta*, and the pungent savor of them was all the keener for their being no more. To look for them again in a crowd of a hundred or so is a task, and to read the whole hundred is to dull the palate. We must eat olives by the handful, not by the bushel. Would it not have been better to give us six pocket-volumes with the new pieces taken in and the pleasant old titles retained?

The Quintessence of Ibsenism, by Bernard Shaw. Now completed to the death of Ibsen. London: Constable, 1922. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

It is already ten years since Mr. Bernard Shaw's *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* was last published; and the original issue of the book was twenty years older still. For a long time it has been out of print; and the first presumption is that a polemical exercise so antiquated might well be left in its protective dust. As well, some would say, republish a speech on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

But, apart from the four new chapters which Mr. Bernard Shaw has added to the volume of 1891, there are the best of reasons for welcoming this new edition.

It may be that it is no longer necessary to explain and defend Ibsen, and that the qualities and meanings which Mr. Shaw was so earnest to emphasize thirty years ago to a hostile and uncomprehending world, are now the commonplaces of criticism. But this book remains interesting and valuable, not merely as an exposition of Ibsenism, but much more as an example of Shavianism. It reveals the commentator quite as vividly as the subject of the commentary; and, incidentally, it reveals how much Mr. Bernard Shaw has derived from Ibsen. It does not follow that what Mr. Shaw took away was what Ibsen wanted to convey; or that the same message is there for others. The point is our G. B. S. is not to be fully understood without a measurement of the Ibsen influence upon him.

There is another reason that makes this new edition of an old book dealing with a bygone controversy welcome. It is a striking example of Mr. Shaw at his critical best. Whatever else may be said of *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, there can be no denying that it is intellectually stimulating in a high degree. It has the ease, vivacity, and resource of a young man of original and audacious mind delighting in his strength; and the unquenchable earnestness of it all is not obscured by its wit.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

Collins, Hayden. *Michael Collins's Own Story.* London: Hutchinson. Announced for publication this spring. It deals with the story of the Irish leader's life as told to the author.

Cox, Harold. *The Problem of Population.* London: Jonathan Cape. Published late last month and not yet reviewed.

Lalou, René. *Histoire de la littérature française contemporaine.* 1871–1922. Paris, G. Crès et Cie., 1923. *Broché*, 10*fr.*, *cartonné toile*, 15*fr.* Just out and not yet reviewed. Treats such subjects as 'Literary Influences in 1871,' 'The Anti-Naturalist Reaction,' 'Origins of the Contemporary Theatre,' 'The Novel To-Day,' 'Philosophy, History, Criticism, and Journalism.'

BOOKS MENTIONED

Hötzendorff, Field-Marshal Freiherr Konrad von. *Aus Meiner Dienstzeit.* 2 volumes. Wien & München: Rikola-Verlag, 1922.

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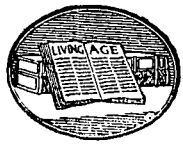

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